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W. BLAKE'S JERUSALEM

EDITED BY

A.G.B. RUSSELL AND E.R.D. MACLAGAN



JERUSALEM

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(THE PROPHETIC BOOKS OF WILLIAM BLAKE)

JERUSALEM

EDITED BY E. R. D. MACLAGAN AND A. G. B. RUSSELL

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TO
ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

PREFACE

"JERUSALEM," the longest and the most splendid of the Prophetical Books engraved by WILLIAM BLAKE, was first published in the form of one hundred pages of text and illustrations, dated from South Molton Street, 1804, though this date represents rather the beginning than the conclusion of its composition. It has been twice reproduced in *facsimile*, once separately, and once (much reduced), in the three volume edition of Blake's works by Messrs. Ellis and Yeats in 1893, but it has never hitherto been printed in ordinary type; and those who have tried to study the Prophetical Books will realize the need for such a text if reading and reference are to be possible without the inordinate strain and fatigue involved in the use of a *facsimile*. It is only when the complete works of Blake are readily accessible and legible that we may hope that the greatest of English mystics will be adequately studied and appreciated; and if this is to be, the divorce of the poem from its illustrations is an imperative, though none the less regrettable necessity.

It has been our endeavour in the present edition to produce a text which shall be above all else scrupulously faithful to the original, for easy reference to which we have retained the division and numbering of its pages. The text, down to the very eccentricities and inconsistencies of Blake's spelling, is as accurate as we have been able to make it. In the very few instances where we have inserted a necessary word or letter it has been inclosed in square brackets; while the accidental repetitions (marvellously few, when we consider the difficulties of the reversed writing entailed by Blake's process) have been marked by round brackets. In what is practically the *editio princeps* we have felt this scrupulosity to be essential, even at the risk of incurring the accusation of confusion and pedantry.

We would acknowledge our indebtedness, in common with all students of Blake, to the patient and sympathetic labours of Messrs. Ellis and Yeats, and our personal obligation to the latter for his ready help and kindness. Our gratitude to Mr. Swinburne for the brilliant essay in which he was the first to divine the sanity as well as the splendour of the poet, has been further increased by his gracious acceptance of the dedication of this book.

E. R. D. MACLAGAN.

A. G. B. RUSSELL.

July, 1903.

INTRODUCTION.

IT would obviously be impossible to explain in a few pages so complex a symbolic system as that of Blake's works; and when it is remembered that any explanation has to be gathered from the books themselves, with no further key than their casual hints afford, and that of these books the larger part has been destroyed by Tatham and other admirers of the poet, it can hardly be supposed that each line of the Prophetical books will ever be interpreted in a manner entirely satisfying. Nor can a simple significance be attached to each symbol, by which it may be translated in whatever context it may occur; for symbolism, whether it be that of Ezekiel or of the Apocalypse, of Dante or of Blake, necessarily deals with truths too universal to be comprehended in a literal formula, and confounds the commentator by its infinite application. But it may be useful to put together, however imperfectly, some of the clues and correspondences contained in "Jerusalem," reserving for a further volume which the editors have in preparation any attempt at a complete exposition with justificatory references.

Man is at once the stage and the protagonist in the drama with which Blake is concerned,—the Fourfold Man, called symbolically by the name of Albion, "our ancestor, in whose sleep or Chaos creation began"; and his state depends on the union and agreement of the four elements that are met in him. Beside the Humanity, or central personality of the individual, stand the Spectre, the reasoning power, and the Emanation (a word sometimes abridged into Eon,) the emotional and imaginative life, with the Shadow, which seems to be desire, restrained and become passive, "till it is only the shadow of desire." When these are united, and especially when the Spectre and the Emanation, contraries in whose interaction all other contraries are involved, are balanced and at peace, Man is in the state of salvation, which Boehme called temperature; when Spectre and Emanation have parted, Man is in a fallen state, and can only be redeemed by their reconciliation. This fall into division, and resurrection into unity, is the main subject of "Jerusalem" and indeed of most of the Prophetical books; for the part-

ing of Reason and Imagination is the great tragedy, through which the Spectre becomes cold and the Emanation weak, the Shadow turns cruel, and the Humanity is overcome by deadly sleep (15, 6). A sleep, too, full of dreams, in which Man wavers between evil and good, drawn alternately by the male Spectre and the female Emanation, and so called by Blake hermaphroditic: a sleep from which only Christ, the Divine Imagination, can save the fallen Man, by reuniting him with Jerusalem, his Emanation, and saving him from the dominion of his Spectre, the great selfhood, called Satan.

But man is not left to struggle unaided or unopposed; around and within him is ranged an infinite host of spiritual powers, headed by the four Zoas, the living creatures in the vision of Ezekiel and of Saint John, who are the chief characters in Blake's mythology, standing somewhat in the place of Boehme's seven Fountain-spirits. These are named Urizen, Luvah, Tharmas, and Urthona, and their influence extends through a vast system of fourfold correspondences in macrocosm and microcosm alike. Urizen is the Intellect; he is called a Ploughman, and rules in the Zenith, in the South, in Air, in the Head and Eyes of Man. Luvah is the Emotional life; he is called a Weaver, and rules in the Centre, in the East, in Fire, in the Heart and Nostrils: when "generate" he is called Orc, the child who resumes in himself all children born in the myths and shorter poems. Tharmas is the life of the Senses; he is called a Shepherd and rules in the Circumference, in the West, in Water, in the Loins and Tongue: in his region is the door of perception, and it is when this Western gate is closed that man believes himself to have a body apart from his soul. Urthona, the fourth Zoa, is that power known in its highest form as Inspiration and in its lowest as Instinct; he is called a Blacksmith, and rules in the Nadir, in the North, in Earth, in the Womb and Ears: he has a "vehicular form" named Los (the vehicle, that is, of inspiration), the spirit of Prophecy, and in a certain sense the prophet, Blake, himself. But it must always be remembered that while it may be convenient to set down the four Zoas as the lords of intellectual, emotional, sensual, and instinctive life, these words are mere shadows of their true significance, which belongs to every plane of interpretation: so that

to take only the two great antagonists, Urizen and Los, in art they stand for the naturalistic and symbolic tendencies, in religion for dogma and mysticism, in ethics for the outer rule of the Law and the inner rule of the Gospel.

Nor is it possible to attribute a good or evil character absolutely to any of the Zoas without falling into the error of Ulro, which lies in attributing good or evil to individuals and not to states: in their unfallen state all are good, in the fallen all are more or less evil (cf. 43, 2). For like men they are liable to division in the parting of spectre and emanation, each Zoa having an Emanation or female part assigned to him; these are named Ahania, Vala, Enion, and Enitharmon. Ahania is the Emanation of Urizen, his "eternal delight," and the story of her separation from him is told in the beautiful book named after her. Vala, the Emanation of Luvah, fills a far more prominent place, and gives her name to a long book which Blake never engraved: she is Nature in her sensual beauty, ever weaving her veil or net to catch the souls of the dead, *i.e.*, those who have entered into bodily life: she is the false system of religion, the shadow of the true Jerusalem: she appears sometimes in a double form, as Tirzah the lovely with her sisters, and as Rahab, who binds the red cord of blood in the window of the eye: she is Babylon, the mother of mystery, the harlot of the Apocalypse. Enion is the Emanation of Tharmas: like Ahania, she plays but a small part in "Jerusalem," but she may be called the typical maternal power, as Orc is the child and Urizen the father. Enitharmon is the Emanation and wife of Urthona-Los: we are told that where Los is Time she is Space, in one of the typical pairs of contraries, corresponding to Male and Female, Soul and Body: and we might compare her to Shelley's Intellectual Beauty, in distinction to the body's beauty of Vala, as Urthona has been compared to Shelley's Demogorgon by Dr. Rudolf Kassner in his brilliant and suggestive essay on Blake.¹

It is difficult to make clear the exact relation of the Zoas to their several regions: these are not altogether identified with them, for certain of the Zoas fall from their own region into that of an-

¹ In "Die Mystik, die Künstler, und das Leben." Leipzig, 1900.

other (59, 11), and yet they partake of their nature. The Zoas are "eternal States," the cardinal points, the regions of the sky, and all the chain of corresponding Symbols are "Spaces": and State and Space form once more a parallel to Male and Female. But it may generally be said that all the States and Spaces ranged under Urizen, for example, in the table to be found at the end of the Index, partake of his intellectual nature.

Not only are there innumerable Spaces to be occupied, but the Zoas are parents of many children, countless, but generally reckoned as sixteen. Of these only four appear much in "Jerusalem," the "Sons of Los," Rintrah, Palamabron, Theotormon, and Bromion, who correspond in a lower sphere to the Zoas in their regular order: they are identified in the book of "Milton," in which they play a prominent part, with different forms of artistic energy. In a lower sphere come the states to whom Blake assigned the names of the Twelve Tribes of Israel (cf. preface to Chapter II.): and still lower, in Ulro itself, are placed the Sons and Daughters of Albion (the Twenty-four), states with names often grotesque, some of which contain allusions to Blake's earthly friends and foes, each with his own Emanation. These may be taken as the ideas and sensations, respectively, of Man: belonging particularly in this poem to his fallen state, and therefore discordant and continually endeavouring to usurp what is not theirs by right. The Sons of Albion with their starry, or intellectual, wheels which make up the Mill (Blake's not inappropriate symbol for Logic!) form at last the great Polypus of rationalism: the Daughters, who may be combined into Tirzah and Rahab, and so represent to some extent the power of Vala, are cruel and drunken with blood, eager to sacrifice their friends in the mistaken morality of "Druid" religion. Against these Sons Los labours at his furnaces of Enthusiasm, building his great city of Golgonooza, "Civitas Dei," the abode of spiritual art and religion, with its sculptured gates opening into every plane: a city beautiful in definite and minutely organized particulars, though set in the midst of Entuthon Benython, the valley of abstract philosophy, and the lake of Udan Adan, the home of the indefinite, which Blake, like all true mystics, hated with all his soul.

The Twelve Tribes and the Sons of Albion, with their Eman-

ations, may be arranged in groups of three under the Four Zoas: and in each case one brother absorbs his brethren (Reuben: Hand). Both orders (who are little heard of except in "Jerusalem") have allotted to them the counties of Britain in two elaborate schemes, (pp. 16 and 72): this plan of correspondences was doubtless fully worked out in Blake's mind, and may have been used in some of the lost books, but in "Jerusalem" it has not much real importance, and does undoubtedly present some serious difficulties.

Geographical symbolism in general, however, and to a certain extent historical symbolism also, is of great importance in the interpretation of the prophetic books: for Blake, like the prophets of Israel, saw in contemporary events such as the French Revolution and the American war of Independence, and even in his own movements, types of eternal things. Four continents, four countries of Europe, four towns of Great Britain, were seen by him as representatives of the Zoas: and in "Jerusalem" he makes great use of the quarters of London, Albion's city, as symbols of the "regions of humanity" in the mind of man (38, 43). It is well to remember that the position of any places named must be calculated with reference to the London of 1800: the points actually named as South, East, West and North, are Norwood, Blackheath, Hounslow, and Finchley. Strange as the use of such familiar and commonplace names may seem in a poem of profound spiritual significance, it is easy for us to forget that Edom and Ammon and Gilead held for the contemporaries of Jeremiah small mystery of association, but were essentially neighbouring districts, used emblematically in religious poetry: and it was Blake's deliberate wish to parallel these places with his own geographical symbols in England, as may be observed from the way in which the two are often coupled together.

The fourfold system here briefly indicated extends through many other spheres of correspondence; it is also connected with Blake's teaching of the four "atmospheres," named in "Jerusalem," Eden, Beulah, Ulro, and Generation. In the microcosm of man the four parts are often reduced to three: Head, Heart, and Loins. It will be noticed in "Jerusalem" (42, 24), that the fourth Zoa, Urthona-Los, speaks of Albion as having slain, that is, introduced

into corporeal "vegetated" life, the other three Zoas, but as unable to kill the fourth: and this may be compared with the reduction of the tetrad to the triad by the omission of the fourth member. Most of the triads in Blake's poems will be found to correspond with this one: *e.g.*, Creation, Redemption, Judgment: Mercy, Pity, Peace.

Such, in the briefest outline, are some of the more important points in the symbolic system. The application, like the system itself, is inevitably complex, for a passage has often many different interpretations in different spheres, and one thread of meaning passes imperceptibly into another. For it must continually be remembered that Blake was writing, at least according to his own belief, an account of actual visionary experiences: and even if we translate vision into terms of the subliminal consciousness the result remains unchanged, though its value may be affected. If Blake had drawn up a cipher system, and translated "the passions" into "Luvah," the method would have been absurd, but the writing would have been perfectly lucid to anyone possessed of the key. The seer must himself interpret his visions, as much as his readers. Careless of the fate of his works, he seldom vouchsafed the explanations he could so easily have given: and it is only the laborious analysis of his two latest editors that has opened the way for those who care to follow in it. But when once the main principles are grasped, it is comparatively easy to understand the greater part of the prophetic books, though passages must often occur which are perplexing even to an experienced reader, and there are many minor symbols with perfectly definite meanings (for Blake was never vague), which are difficult to explain with any certainty.

It may perhaps be helpful to give a very brief paraphrase of the beautiful poem contained in the Preface to the second Chapter (To the Jews) as an example of the way in which the symbolism is used: the poem in question may really be said to narrate in a condensed form the main story of "Jerusalem," though it begins at an earlier point than the whole work, telling of the unfallen state of the Man who is represented on the first page as already fallen or about to fall.

In this unfallen state the "fields" in the north, from east to west, the regions, that is, of instinctive life both on the side of emotion and on that of sensual perception, were the supports of the holy Imagination, through the pillars of intellect (gold being the metal of Urizen). The Imagination was the Bride of the Lamb of God, happy in many lovely and innocent ways, and every idea of man was the "child of Jesus and his Bride" in the religion of forgiveness, refusing to impute sin. But the peace is broken: the intellectual powers are busied with the western region of bodily things (and in particular the sense of the Tongue, through which came the first sin): and man falls into the sleep that we call the life of the body, shadowed by the tree of mystery, and passing from inspired religion to that false faith which demands bodily instead of mental sacrifice. He enters into mortal sorrow, and his hard rational power, called by Blake "Satan," separates itself from his loins (the place of judgment), and furiously enforces its legal morality. By this separation the imagination also is forced to depart, and passing eastward through mere emotionalism it is lost in grief. Further and further the reason asserts its dominion over the emotional life, and the happinesses of man (rivers) become stained with sensuality: in every phase of mental life the place of the imagination is restricted, and the power itself is forced into the dark land of corporeal life. By such a system of religion man is convinced of his own mortality, equalling himself with the worms: but nothing can wholly obscure the glory of the divine within him, even in the weakness and transience of the life between birth and death. This state is common to all mankind; and the poet identifies himself with the man whose fall he has narrated, and calls on the Lamb of God, the Divine Image whom he crucified, but who still makes his perpetual appeal to the heart of man: he implores him to mould the spiritual and to repress the merely rational life with the love and fear of God. For the reason is to be mastered, not to be abandoned; in all its selfish cruelty and pride of intellectual war it is still a true part of man, even when it tries to claim that its own children (the logical ideas) have alone the right to exist, though such a system is bound at last to be its own destruction. The true life knows no compulsion, but consists in mutual acceptance and

forgiveness: for so can man be joined with man to build up Christianity, the religion of the Imagination.

The main story told in "Jerusalem" itself is essentially the same as this: the book tells of the separation and reunion of the fourfold man, and of the cruel rule of the Spectre. But running parallel with the myth of Albion and Jerusalem is the myth of Los, who himself divides as a result of the division of Albion: and his story sometimes occupies as large a space as the other, *e.g.*, in the first chapter, which is concerned with Los from the last lines of p. 5 to those of p. 17, though the two myths are too much connected to be absolutely disentangled. Other stories are those of Hand as the typical Son of Albion, and Reuben as the typical Son of Jacob (pp. 34-36 and elsewhere): but indeed every character in the great myth has its own story of fall and redemption, so that even to enumerate them would require a greater space than this brief Introduction can afford. Nor is it possible to give a page for page paraphrase of the whole book: for, apart from all question of space, the arrangement of "Jerusalem" is far more confused than that of any other of the engraved books. Blake seems, after recording the main myth, to have used it as a kind of storehouse for his more important visions: pages have been engraved at various dates and inserted, till the whole was finally arranged in four chapters of twenty-five pages each, with prefaces and separate illustrations. This method naturally involved pages being put in to make up the requisite number, or taken out to reduce it: and such separate visions as the beautiful and very late p. 61 had places, more or less appropriate, found for them. But the extraordinary splendour of much of this somewhat chaotic material amply compensates for the lack of the more methodical arrangement of some of the shorter Prophetical books, few of which attain to the magnificence of such passages as the close of the fourth chapter of "Jerusalem."

It is improbable that Blake will ever be found an easy or a popular author: the elaborate symbolism will deter some who would otherwise be drawn to the teaching it veils, and others will be repelled by a hundred vehement rebellions against conventional religion and conventional morality. Rebels the mystics have often been, and

had Blake been the leader of a school, or even a conforming member of a strict and orthodox church, he would certainly have fallen under the censure meted out to his great predecessors, John Erigena and Jacob Boehme. His lot has been the harder one of neglect; neglect through the difficulty of obtaining and reading his books, a difficulty the present edition may help to remove; neglect too through the obscurity of his utterances, and his own indifference as to their fate. But it is not those who have read his works that have called him madman or blasphemer: for to read is, in some measure at least, to understand, and Truth, as he himself has said, can never be told so as to be understood and not be believed.

Each Man is in his Spectre's power
Untill the arrival of that hour
When his Humanity awake
And cast his Spectre into the Lake.

JERUSALEM

THE EMANATION OF THE GIANT ALBION

1804

Printed by W. Blake, Sth Molton St



AFTER my three years slumber on the banks of the Ocean, I again display my Giant forms to the Public: My former Giants & Fairies having receiv'd the highest reward possible, the and of those with whom to be connected, is to be: I cannot doubt
 5 that this more consolidated & extended Work, will be as kindly recieved The Enthusiasm of the following Poem, the Author hopes I also hope the Reader will be with me, wholly One in Jesus our Lord, who is the God and Lord to whom the Ancients look'd
 10 and saw his day afar off, with trembling & amazement.

The Spirit of Jesus is continual forgiveness of Sin: he who waits to be righteous before he enters into the Saviour's kingdom, the Divine Body, will never enter there. I am perhaps the most sinful of men! I pretend not to holiness! yet I pretend to love, to see, to converse with
 15 daily, as man with man, & the more to have an interest in the Friend of Sinners. Therefore . . . Reader, . . . what you do not approve, & me for this energetic exertion of my talent,

Reader! . . . of books! . . . of heaven,
 And of that God from whom
 20 Who in mysterious Sinai's awful cave,
 To Man the wondrous art of writing gave.
 Again he speaks in thunder and in fire!
 Thunder of Thought, & flames of fierce desire:
 Even from the depths of Hell his voice I hear,
 25 Within the unfathom'd caverns of my Ear.
 Therefore I print; nor vain my types shall be:
 Heaven, Earth & Hell, henceforth shall live in harmony.

OF THE MEASURE, IN WHICH
 THE FOLLOWING POEM IS WRITTEN

30 We who dwell on Earth can do nothing of ourselves, every thing is conducted by Spirits, no less than Digestion or Sleep.
 . . . When this Verse was first dictated to me I consider'd a Monotonous Cadence like that used by Milton & Shakspeare & all writers of English Blank Verse, derived from the modern bondage of Rhyming, to be a necessary and
 35 indispensable part of Verse. But I soon found that in the mouth of a true Orator such monotony was not only awkward, but as much a bondage as rhyme itself. I therefore have produced a variety in every line, both of cadences &

number of syllables. Every word and every letter is studied and put into its fit place; the terrific numbers are reserved for the terrific parts, the mild & gentle, for the mild & gentle parts, and the prosaic, for inferior parts; all are necessary to each other. Poetry Fetter'd, Fetters the Human Race. Nations are Destroy'd, or Flourish, in proportion as Their Poetry, Painting and Music, are Destroy'd, or Flourish! The Primeval State of Man was Wisdom, Art, and Science.

ΜΟΥΟΣ Ο ΙΕΣΟΥΣ

JERUSALEM

CHAPTER I

OF THE SLEEP OF ULRO! AND OF THE PASSAGE THROUGH
ETERNAL DEATH! AND OF THE AWAKING TO ETERNAL LIFE.

- THIS theme calls me in sleep night after night, & ev'ry morn
Awakes me at sun-rise, then I see the Saviour over me
5 Spreading his beams of love, & dictating the words of this mild song.
Awake! awake O sleeper of the land of shadows, wake! expand!
I am in you and you in me, mutual in love divine:
Fibres of love from man to man thro' Albion's pleasant land.
In all the dark Atlantic vale down from the hills of Surrey
10 A black water accumulates, return Albion! return!
Thy brethren call thee, and thy fathers, and thy sons,
Thy nurses and thy mothers, thy sisters and thy daughters
Weep at thy soul's disease, and the Divine Vision is darken'd:
Thy Emanation that was wont to play before thy face,
15 Beaming forth with her daughters into the Divine bosom,
Where hast thou hidden thy Emanation lovely Jerusalem
From the vision and fruition of the Holy-one?
I am not a God afar off, I am a brother and friend;
Within your bosoms I reside, and you reside in me:
20 Lo! we are One; forgiving all Evil; Not seeking recompense;
Ye are my members O ye sleepers of Beulah, land of shades!
But the perturbed Man away turns down the valleys dark;
Phantom of the over heated brain! shadow of immortality!
Seeking to keep my soul a victim to thy Love! which binds
25 Man the enemy of man into deceitful friendships:
Jerusalem is not! her daughters are indefinite;
By demonstration man alone can live, and not by faith.
My mountains are my own, and I will keep them to myself:
The Malvern and the Cheviot, the Wolds, Plinlimmon & Snowdon
30 Are mine, here will I build my Laws of Moral Virtue:
Humanity shall be no more: but war & pryncedom & victory!
So spake Albion in jealous fears, hiding his Emanation
Upon the Thames and Medway, rivers of Beulah: dissembling
34 His jealousy before the throne divine, darkening, cold!

p. 5 THE banks of the Thames are clouded! the ancient porches of Albion are
 Darken'd! they are drawn thro' unbounded space, scatter'd upon
 The Void in incoher(er)ent despair! Cambridge & Oxford & London,
 Are driven among the starry Wheels, rent away and dissipated,
 5 In Chasms & Abysses of sorrow, enlarg'd without dimension, terrible.
 Albion's mountains run with blood, the cries of war & of tumult
 Resound into the unbounded night, every Human perfection
 Of mountain & river & city, are small & wither'd & darken'd.
 Cam is a little stream! Ely is almost swallowed up!
 10 Lincoln & Norwich stand trembling on the brink of Udan-Adan!
 Wales and Scotland shrink themselves to the west and to the North!
 Mourning for fear of the warriors in the Vale of Entuthon-Benython
 Jerusalem is scatter'd abroad like a cloud of smoke thro' non-entity:
 Moab & Ammon & Amalek & Canaan & Egypt & Aram
 15 Recieve her little-ones for sacrifices and the delights of cruelty.

Trembling I sit day and night, my friends are astonish'd at me,
 Yet they forgive my wanderings, I rest not from my great task!
 To open the Eternal Worlds, to open the immortal Eyes
 Of Man inwards into the Worlds of Thought: into Eternity
 20 Ever expanding in the Bosom of God, the Human Imagination.
 O Saviour pour upon me thy Spirit of meekness & love:
 Annihilate the Selfhood in me, be thou all my life!
 Guide thou my hand which trembles exceedingly upon the rock of ages,
 While I write of the building of Golgonooza, and of the terrors of Entuthon:
 25 Of Hand & Hyle & Coban, of Kwantok, Peachey, Brereton, Slayd & Hutton:
 Of the terrible sons & daughters of Albion, and their Generations.

Scofield, Kox, Kotope and Bowen, revolve most mightily upon
 The Furnace of Los: before the eastern gate bending their fury
 They war, to destroy the Furnaces, to desolate Golgonooza:
 30 And to devour the Sleeping Humanity of Albion in rage & hunger.
 They revolve into the Furnaces Southward & are driven forth Northward,
 Divided into Male and Female forms time after time.
 From these Twelve all the Families of England spread abroad.

The Male is a Furnace of beryll; the Female is a golden Loom;
 35 I behold them and their rushing fires overwhelm my Soul,
 In London's darkness; and my tears fall day and night,
 Upon the Emanations of Albion's Sons; the Daughters of Albion,
 Names anciently remember'd, but now contemn'd as fictions!
 Although in every bosom they controll our Vegetative powers.

- 40 These are united into Tirzah and her Sisters, on Mount Gilead,
Cambel & Gwendolen & Conwenna & Cordella & Ignoge.
And these united into Rahab in the Covering Cherub on Euphrates,
Gwiniverra & Gwinefred & Gonorill & Sabrina beautiful,
Estrild, Mehetabel & Ragan, lovely Daughters of Albion,
45 They are the beautiful Emanations of the Twelve Sons of Albion.

The Starry Wheels revolv'd heavily over the Furnaces:
Drawing Jerusalem in anguish of maternal love,
Eastward, a pillar of a cloud with Vala upon the mountains
Howling in pain, redounding from the arms of Beulah's Daughters,
50 Out from the Furnaces of Los above the head of Los.
A pillar of smoke writhing afar into Non-Entity, redounding
Till the cloud reaches afar outstretch'd among the Starry Wheels
Which revolve heavily in the mighty Void above the Furnaces.

- O what avail the loves & tears of Beulah's lovely Daughters?
55 They hold the Immortal Form in gentle bands & tender tears,
But all within is open'd into the deeps of Entuthon Benython
A dark and unknown night, indefinite, unmeasurable, without end,
Abstract Philosophy warring in enmity against Imagination
(Which is the Divine Body of the Lord Jesus, blessed for ever.)
60 And there Jerusalem wanders with Vala upon the mountains.
Attracted by the revolutions of those Wheels the Cloud of smoke
Immense, and Jerusalem & Vala weeping in the Cloud,
Wander away into the Chaotic Void, lamenting with her Shadow
Among the Daughters of Albion, among the Starry Wheels:
65 Lamenting for her children, for the sons & daughters of Albion.

Los heard her lamentations in the deeps afar! his tears fall
Incessant before the Furnaces, and his Emanation divided in pain,
68 Eastward toward the Starry Wheels. But Westward a black Horror,

p. 6 HIS Spectre driv'n by the Starry Wheels of Albion's sons, black and
Opake divided from his back; he labours and he mourns!

- For as his Emanation divided, his Spectre also divided
In terror of those starry wheels: and the Spectre stood over Los
5 Howling in pain: a black'ning Shadow, black'ning dark & opake
Cursing the terrible Los; bitterly cursing him for his friendship
To Albion, suggesting murderous thoughts against Albion.

Los rag'd and stamp'd the earth in his might & terrible wrath!
He stood and stamp'd the earth; then he threw down his hammer in rage &

10 In fury: then he sat down and wept, terrified! Then arose
And chaunted his song, labouring with the tongs and hammer:
But still the Spectre divided, and still his pain increas'd!

In pain the Spectre divided, in pain of hunger and thirst,
14 To devour Los's Human Perfection, but when he saw that Los

p. 7 WAS living: panting like a frightened wolf, and howling
He stood over the Immortal, in the solitude and darkness:
Upon the dark'ning Thames, across the whole Island westward,
A horrible Shadow of Death, among the Furnaces: beneath
5 The pillar of folding smoke; and he sought by other means
To lure Los: by tears, by arguments of science & by terrors:
Terrors in every Nerve, by spasms & extended pains:
While Los answer'd unterrified to the opaque blackening Fiend.

And thus the Spectre spake: Wilt thou still go on to destruction
10 Till thy life is all taken away by this deceitful Friendship?
He drinks thee up like water: like wine he pours thee
Into his tuns: thy Daughters are trodden in his vintage.
He makes thy Sons the trampling of his bulls, they are plow'd
And harrow'd for his profit, lo! thy stolen Emanation
15 Is his garden of pleasure! all the Spectres of his Sons mock thee;
Look how they scorn thy once admired palaces, now in ruins
Because of Albion; because of deceit and friendship; For Lo!
Hand has peopled Babel & Nineveh; Hyle, Ashur & Aram:
Coban's son is Nimrod: his son Cush is adjoin'd to Aram,
20 By the Daughter of Babel, in a woven mantle of pestilence & war.
They put forth their spectrous cloudy sails; which drive their immense
Constellations over the deadly deeps of indefinite Udan-Adan.
Kox is the Father of Shem & Ham & Japheth, he is the Noah
Of the Flood of Udan-Adan. Hutn is the Father of the Seven
25 From Enoch to Adam: Schofield is Adam who was New-
Created in Edom. I saw it indignant, & thou art not moved!
This has divided thee in sunder: and wilt thou still forgive?
O! thou seest not what I see! what is done in the Furnaces.
Listen, I will tell thee what is done in moments to thee unknown:
30 Luvah was cast into the Furnaces of affliction and sealed,
And Vala fed, in cruel delight, the Furnaces with fire:
Stern Urizen beheld; urg'd by necessity to keep
The evil day afar, and if perchance with iron power
He might avert his own despair: in woe & fear he saw
35 Vala incircle round the Furnaces where Luvah was clos'd:

With joy she heard his howlings, & forgot he was her Luvah,
 With whom she liv'd in bliss in times of innocence & youth:
 Vala comes from the Furnace in a cloud, but wretched Luvah
 Is howling in the Furnaces, in flames among Albion's Spectres,
 40 To prepare the Spectre of Albion to reign over thee O Los,
 Forming the Spectres of Albion according to his rage:
 To prepare the Spectre sons of Adam, who is Scofield: the Ninth
 Of Albion's sons, & the father of all his brethren in the Shadowy
 Generation. Cambel & Gwendolen wove webs of war & of
 45 Religion, to involve all Albion's sons, and when they had
 Involv'd Eight, their webs roll'd outwards into darkness
 And Scofield the Ninth remain'd on the outside of the Eight,
 And Kox, Kotope, & Bowen, One in him, a Fourfold Wonder,
 Involv'd the Eight. Such are the Generations of the Giant Albion,
 50 To separate a Law of Sin, to punish thee in thy members.

Los answer'd. Altho' I know not this! I know far worse than this:
 I know that Albion hath divided me, and that thou O my Spectre,
 Hast just cause to be irritated: but look stedfastly upon me:
 Comfort thyself in my strength; the time will arrive,
 55 When all Albion's injuries shall cease, and when we shall
 Embrace him tenfold bright, rising from his tomb in immortality.
 They have divided themselves by Wrath, they must be united by
 Pity: let us therefore take example & warning O my Spectre.
 O that I could abstain from wrath! O that the Lamb
 60 Of God would look upon me and pity me in my fury.
 In anguish of regeneration: in terrors of self annihilation:
 Pity must join together those whom wrath has torn in sunder;
 And the Religion of Generation which was meant for the destruction
 Of Jerusalem, become her covering, till the time of the End.
 65 O holy Generation, Image of regeneration!
 O point of mutual forgiveness between Enemies!
 Birthplace of the Lamb of God incomprehensible!
 The Dead despise & scorn thee, & cast thee out as accursed:
 Seeing the Lamb of God in thy gardens & thy palaces,
 70 Where they desire to place the Abomination of Desolation.
 Hand sits before his furnace: scorn of others & furious pride,
 Freeze round him to bars of steel & to iron rocks beneath
 73 His feet: indignant self-righteousness like whirlwinds of the north,

p. 8 ROSE up against me thundering from the Brook of Albion's River,
 From Ranelagh & Strumbolo, from Cromwell's gardens & Chelsea

The place of wounded Soldiers; but when he saw my Mace
 Whirl'd round from heaven to earth, trembling he sat: his cold
 5 Poisons rose up: & his sweet deceits cover'd them all over
 With a tender cloud. As thou art now, such was he O Spectre.
 I know thy deceit & thy revenges, and unless thou desist
 I will certainly create an eternal Hell for thee. Listen!
 Be attentive! be obedient! Lo the Furnaces are ready to recieve thee.
 10 I will break thee into shivers, & melt thee in the furnaces of death,
 I will cast thee into forms of abhorrence & torment if thou
 Desist not from thine own will, & obey not my stern command:
 I am clos'd up from my children: my Emanation is dividing
 And thou my Spectre art divided against me. But mark,
 15 I will compell thee to assist me in my terrible labours. To beat
 These hypocritic Selfhoods on the Anvils of bitter Death.
 I am inspired: I act not for myself: for Albion's sake
 I now am what I am! a horror and an astonishment
 Shudd'ring the heavens to look upon me: Behold what cruelties
 20 Are practised in Babel & Shinar, & have approach'd to Zion's Hill.

While Los spoke, the terrible Spectre fell shudd'ring before him
 Watching his time with glowing eyes to leap upon his prey.
 Los open'd the Furnaces in fear, the Spectre saw to Babel & Shinar
 Across all Europe & Asia, he saw the tortures of the Victims.
 25 He saw now from the outside what he before saw & felt from within,
 He saw that Los was the sole, uncontroll'd Lord of the Furnaces,
 Groaning he kneel'd before Los's iron-shod feet on London Stone,
 Hung'ring & thirsting for Los's life yet pretending obedience,
 While Los pursu'd his speech in threat'nings loud & fierce.

30 Thou art my Pride & Self-righteousness: I have found thee out:
 Thou art reveal'd before me in all thy magnitude & power:
 Thy Uncircumcised pretences to Chastity must be cut in sunder:
 Thy holy wrath & deep deceit cannot avail against me,
 Nor shalt thou ever assume the triple-form of Albion's Spectre,
 35 For I am one of the living: dare not to mock my inspired fury.
 If thou wast cast forth from my life: if I was dead upon the mountains
 Thou mightest be pitied & lov'd: but now I am living: unless
 Thou abstain ravening I will create an eternal Hell for thee.
 Take thou this Hammer & in patience heave the thundering Bellows,
 40 Take thou these Tongs: strike thou alternate with me: labour obedient.
 Hand & Hyle & Koban: Skofeld, Kox & Kotope, labour mightily
 In the Wars of Babel & Shinar; all their Emanations were

Condens'd. Hand has absorb'd all his Brethren in his might;
44 All the infant Loves & Graces were lost, for the mighty Hand

- P. 9 CONDENS'D his Emanations into hard opake substances,
And his infant thoughts & desires into cold, dark, cliffs of death.
His hammer of gold he siez'd; and his anvil of adamant;
He siez'd the bars of condens'd thoughts, to forge them,
5 Into the sword of war, into the bow and arrow;
Into the thundering cannon and into the murdering gun.
I saw the limbs form'd for exercise, contemn'd; & the beauty of
Eternity, look'd upon as deformity, & loveliness as a dry tree:
I saw disease forming a Body of Death around the Lamb
10 Of God, to destroy Jerusalem, & to devour the body of Albion
By war and stratagem to win the labour of the husbandman.
Awkwardness arm'd in steel: Folly in a helmet of gold:
Weakness with horns & talons: ignorance with a rav'ning beak:
Every Emanative joy forbidden as a Crime:
15 And the Emanations buried alive in the earth with pomp of religion:
Inspiration deny'd: Genius forbidden by laws of punishment:
I saw terrified: I took the sighs & tears & bitter groans:
I lifted them into my Furnaces, to form the spiritual sword,
That lays open the hidden heart: I drew forth the pang
20 Of sorrow red hot: I work'd it on my resolute anvil:
I heated it in the flames of Hand, & Hyle, & Coban
Nine times; Gwendolen & Cambel & Gwineverra
Are melted into the gold, the silver, the liquid ruby,
The crysolite, the topaz, the jacinth, & every precious stone.
25 Loud roar my Furnaces and loud my hammer is heard:
I labour day and night. I behold the soft affections
Condense beneath my hammer into forms of cruelty,
But still I labour in hope, tho' still my tears flow down,
That he who will not defend Truth, may be compell'd to defend
30 A Lie, that he may be snared and caught and snared and taken,
That Enthusiasm and Life may not cease: arise Spectre arise!
Thus they contended among the Furnaces with groans & tears;
Groaning the Spectre heav'd the billows, obeying Los's frowns;
Till the Spaces of Erin were perfected in the furnaces
35 Of affliction, and Los drew them forth, compelling the harsh Spectre

P. 10 INTO the Furnaces & into the valleys of the Anvils of Death,
And into the mountains of the Anvils & of the heavy Hammers,

Till he should bring the Sons & Daughters of Jerusalem to be
The Sons & Daughters of Los, that he might protect them from
5 Albion's dread Spectres: storming, loud, thunderous & mighty
The Bellows & the Hammers move compell'd by Los's hand.

And this is the manner of the Sons of Albion in their strength;
They take the Two Contraries which are call'd Qualities, with which
Every Substance is clothed, they name them Good & Evil,
10 From them they make an Abstract, which is a Negation
Not only of the Substance from which it is derived,
A murderer of its own Body: but also a murderer
Of every Divine Member: it is the Reasoning Power,
An Abstract objecting power, that Negatives every thing.
15 This is the Spectre of Man: the Holy Reasoning Power,
And in its Holiness is closed the Abomination of Desolation.

Therefore Los stands in London building Golgonooza,
Compelling his Spectre to labours mighty; trembling in fear
The Spectre weeps, but Los unmov'd by tears or threats remains.

20 I must Create a System, or be enslav'd by another Man's
I will not Reason & Compare: my business is to Create.

So Los, in fury & strength: in indignation & burning wrath
Shudd'ring the Spectre howls, his howlings terrify the night.
He stamps around the Anvil, beating blows of stern despair,
25 He curses Heaven & Earth, Day & Night & Sun & Moon,
He curses Forest Spring & River, Desart & sandy Waste,
Cities & Nations, Families & Peoples, Tongues & Laws,
Driven to desperation by Los's terrors & threat'ning fears.

Los cries, Obey my voice & never deviate from my will
30 And I will be merciful to thee: be thou invisible to all
To whom I make thee invisible, but chief to my own Children,
O Spectre of Urthona: Reason not against their dear approach
Nor them obstruct with thy temptations of doubt & despair;
O Shame, O strong & mighty Shame I break thy brazen fetters;
35 If thou refuse, thy present torments will seem southern breezes
To what thou shalt endure if thou obey not my great will.

The Spectre answer'd. Art thou not asham'd of those thy Sins
That thou callest thy Children! lo the Law of God commands
That they be offered upon his Altar: O cruelty & torment
40 For thine are also mine! I have kept silent hitherto,
Concerning my chief delight: but thou hast broken silence;

- Now I will speak my mind! Where is my lovely Enitharmon,
 O thou my enemy, where is my Great Sin? She is also thine.
 I said: now is my grief at worst, incapable of being
- 45 Surpassed: but every moment it accumulates more & more,
 It continues accumulating to eternity: the joys of God advance
 For he is Righteous: he is not a Being of Pity & Compassion,
 He cannot feel Distress: he feeds on Sacrifice & Offering:
 Delighting in cries & tears & clothed in holiness & solitude;
- 50 But my griefs advance also, for ever & ever without end.
 O that I could cease to be! Despair! I am Despair
 Created to be the great example of horror & agony: also my
 Prayer is vain. I called for compassion: compassion mock'd,
 Mercy & pity threw the grave stone over me & with lead
- 55 And iron, bound it over me for ever: Life lives on my
 Consuming: & the Almighty hath made me his Contrary,
 To be all evil, all reversed & for ever dead: knowing
 And seeing life, yet living not: how can I then behold
 And not tremble; how can I be beheld & not abhorr'd?
- 60 So spoke the Spectre shudd'ring, & dark tears ran down his shadowy face
 Which Los wiped off, but comfort none could give, or beam of hope.
 Yet ceas'd he not from labouring at the roarings of his Forge
 With iron & brass Building Golgonooza in great contendings,
 Till his Sons & Daughters came forth from the Furnaces
- 65 At the sublime Labours, for Los compell'd the invisible Spectre
- P. II TO labours mighty, with vast strength, with his mighty chains,
 In pulsations of time, & extensions of space, like Urns of Beulah,
 With great labour upon his anvils, & in his ladles the Ore
 He lifted, pouring it into the clay ground prepar'd with art:
- 5 Striving with Systems to deliver Individuals from those Systems:
 That whenever any Spectre began to devour the Dead,
 He might feel the pain as if a man gnaw'd his own tender nerves.
- Then Erin came forth from the Furnaces, & all the Daughters of Beulah
 Came from the Furnaces, by Los's mighty power for Jerusalem's
- 10 Sake: walking up and down among the Spaces of Erin:
 And the Sons and Daughters of Los came forth in perfection lovely,
 And the Spaces of Erin reach'd from the starry heighth to the starry depth.
- Los wept with exceeding joy & all wept with joy together:
 They fear'd they never more should see their Father, who
- 15 Was built in from Eternity, in the Cliffs of Albion.

- But when the joy of meeting was exhausted in loving embrace,
 Again they lament. O what shall we do for lovely Jerusalem?
 To protect the Emanations of Albion's mighty ones from cruelty?
 Sabrina & Ignoge begin to sharpen their beamy spears
 20 Of light and love: their little children stand with arrows of gold:
 Ragan is wholly cruel, Scofield is bound in iron armour:
 He is like a mandrake in the earth before Reuben's gate:
 He shoots beneath Jerusalem's walls to undermine her foundations:
 Vala is but thy Shadow, O thou loveliest among women:
 25 A shadow animated by thy tears, O mournful Jerusalem!

P. 12 WHY wilt thou give to her a Body whose life is but a Shade?
 Her joy and love, a shade: a shade of sweet repose:
 But animated and vegetated, she is a devouring worm:
 What shall we do for thee, O lovely mild Jerusalem?

- 5 And Los said, I behold the finger of God in terrors!
 Albion is dead! his Emanation is divided from him!
 But I am living! yet I feel my Emanation also dividing.
 Such thing was never known! O pity me, thou all-piteous-one!
 What shall I do! or how exist, divided from Enitharmon?
 10 Yet why despair? I saw the finger of God go forth
 Upon my Furnaces, from within the Wheels of Albion's Sons;
 Fixing their Systems, permanent: by mathematic power
 Giving a body to Falshood that it may be cast off for ever.
 With Demonstrative Science piercing Apollyon with his own bow:
 15 God is within, & without: he is even in the depths of Hell!

Such were the lamentations of the Labourers in the Furnaces!

- And they appear'd within & without incircling on both sides
 The Starry Wheels of Albion's Sons, with Spaces for Jerusalem,
 And for Vala the shadow of Jerusalem, the ever mourning Shade:
 20 On both sides, within & without beaming gloriously:

Terrified at the sublime Wonder, Los stood before his Furnaces,
 And they stood around, terrified with admiration at Erin's Spaces,
 For the Spaces reach'd from the starry heighth, to the starry depth:
 And they builded Golgonooza: terrible eternal labour!

- 25 What are those golden builders doing? where was the burying-place
 Of soft Ethinthus? near Tyburn's fatal Tree? is that
 Mild Zion's hills, most ancient promontory, near mournful

Ever weeping Paddington? is that Calvary and Golgotha?
Becoming a building of pity and compassion? Lo!

- 30 The stones are pity, and the bricks, well wrought affections:
Enamel'd with love & kindness, & the tiles engraven gold,
Labour of merciful hands: the beams & rafters are forgiveness:
The mortar & cement of the work, tears of honesty: the nails
And the screws & iron braces, are well wrought blandishments,
35 And well contrived words, firm fixing, never forgotten,
Always comforting the remembrance: the floors, humility:
The cielings, devotion: the hearths, thanksgiving.
Prepare the furniture, O Lambeth, in thy pitying looms;
The curtains, woven tears & sighs, wrought into lovely forms
40 For comfort: there the secret furniture of Jerusalem's chamber
Is wrought: Lambeth! the Bride, the Lamb's Wife, loveth thee:
Thou art one with her & knowest not of self in thy supreme joy.
Go on, builders in hope: tho' Jerusalem wanders far away,
Without the gate of Los: among the dark Satanic wheels.

- 45 Fourfold the Sons of Los in their divisions: and fourfold,
The great City of Golgonooza: fourfold toward the north,
And toward the south fourfold, & fourfold toward the east & west,
Each within other toward the four points: that toward
Eden, and that toward the World of Generation,
50 And that toward Beulah, and that toward Ulro:
Ulro is the space of the terrible starry wheels of Albion's sons:
But that toward Eden is walled up, till time of renovation:
Yet it is perfect in its building, ornaments & perfection.

- And the Four Points are thus beheld in Great Eternity:
55 West, the Circumference: South, the Zenith: North,
The Nadir: East, the Center, unapproachable for ever.
These are the four Faces towards the Four Worlds of Humanity
In every Man. Ezekiel saw them by Chebar's flood.
And the Eyes are the South, and the Nostrils are the East,
60 And the Tongue is the West, and the Ear is the North.

- And the North Gate of Golgonooza toward Generation,
Has four sculptur'd Bulls, terrible, before the Gate of iron,
And iron, the Bulls: and that which looks toward Ulro,
Clay bak'd & enamel'd, eternal glowing as four furnaces:
65 Turning upon the Wheels of Albion's sons with enormous power.
66 And that toward Beulah four, gold, silver, brass, & iron:

p. 13 AND that toward Eden, four, form'd of gold, silver, brass, & iron.

The South, a golden Gate, has four Lions terrible, living:
That toward Generation, four, of iron carv'd wondrous:
That toward Ulro, four, clay bak'd, laborious workmanship:

5 That toward Eden, four, immortal gold, silver, brass & iron.

The Western Gate fourfold, is clos'd: having four Cherubim
Its guards, living, the work of elemental hands, laborious task:
Like Men, hermaphroditic, each winged with eight wings.
That towards Generation, iron; that toward Beulah, stone:

10 That toward Ulro, clay; that toward Eden, metals:

But all clos'd up till the last day, when the graves shall yield their dead.

The Eastern Gate, fourfold: terrible & deadly its ornaments:
Taking their forms from the Wheels of Albion's sons, as cogs
Are form'd in a wheel, to fit the cogs of the adverse wheel.

15 That toward Eden, eternal ice, frozen in seven folds

Of forms of death: and that toward Beulah, stone:

The seven diseases of the earth are carved terrible.

And that toward Ulro, forms of war: seven enormities:

And that toward Generation, seven generative forms.

20 And every part of the City is fourfold: & every inhabitant, fourfold.

And every pot & vessel & garment & utensil of the houses,

And every house, fourfold; but the third Gate in every one

Is clos'd as with a threefold curtain of ivory & fine linen & ermine.

And Luban stands in middle of the City: a moat of fire,

25 Surrounds Luban, Los's Palace & the golden Looms of Cathedron.

And sixty-four thousand Genii, guard the Eastern Gate:

And sixty-four thousand Gnomes, guard the Northern Gate:

And sixty-four thousand Nymphs, guard the Western Gate:

And sixty-four thousand Fairies, guard the Southern Gate.

30 Around Golgonooza lies the land of death eternal: a Land

Of pain and misery and despair and ever brooding melancholy:

In all the Twenty-seven Heavens, numbered from Adam to Luther:

From the blue Mundane Shell, reaching to the Vegetative Earth.

The Vegetative Universe opens like a flower from the Earth's center,

35 In which is Eternity. It expands in Stars to the Mundane Shell

And there it meets Eternity again, both within and without,

And the abstract Voids between the Stars are the Satanic Wheels.

- There is the Cave; the Rock; the Tree: the Lake of Udan Adan:
 The Forest, and the Marsh, and the Pits of bitumen deadly:
- 40 The Rocks of solid fire: the Ice valleys: the Plains
 Of burning sand; the rivers, cataract & Lakes of Fire:
 The Islands of the fiery Lakes: the Trees of Malice, Revenge,
 And black Anxiety: and the Cities of the Salamandrine men:
 (But whatever is visible to the Generated Man,
- 45 Is a Creation of mercy & love, from the Satanic Void.)
 The land of darkness flamed, but no light, & no repose:
 The land of snows of trembling, & of iron hail incessant:
 The land of earthquakes: and the land of woven labyrinths:
 The land of snares & traps & wheels & pit-falls & dire mills:
- 50 The Voids, the Solids, & the land of clouds & regions of waters,
 With their inhabitants: in the Twenty-seven Heavens beneath Beulah:
 Self-righteousnesses conglomerating against the Divine Vision:
 A Concave Earth wondrous, Chasmal, Abyssal, Incoherent,
 Forming the Mundane Shell: above: beneath: on all sides surrounding
- 55 Golgonooza: Los walks round the walls night and day.
- He views the City of Golgonooza, & its smaller Cities:
 The Looms & Mills & Prisons & Work-houses of Og & Anak:
 The Amalekite: the Canaanite: the Moabite: the Egyptian:
 And all that has existed in the space of six thousand years:
- 60 Permanent, & not lost (not lost) nor vanish'd, & every little act,
 Word, work, & wish, that has existed, all remaining still
 In those Churches ever consuming & ever building, by the Spectres
 Of all the inhabitants of Earth, wailing to be Created:
 Shadowy to those who dwell not in them, meer possibilities:
- 65 But to those who enter into them they seem the only substances,
 66 For every thing exists & not one sigh nor smile nor tear,

p. 14 ONE hair nor particle of dust, not one can pass away.

- He views the Cherub at the Tree of Life, also the Serpent,
 Orc the first born coil'd in the south: the Dragon Urizen:
 Tharmas the Vegetated Tongue, even the Devouring Tongue:
- 5 A threefold region, a false brain: a false heart:
 And false bowels: altogether composing the False Tongue,
 Beneath Beulah: as a wat'ry flame revolving every way,
 And as dark roots and stems: a Forest of affliction: growing
 In seas of sorrow. Los also views the Four Females:
- 10 Ahania, and Enion, and Vala and Enitharmon lovely,
 And from them all the lovely beaming Daughters of Albion.

Ahania & Enion & Vala, are three evanescent shades:
Enitharmon is a vegetated mortal Wife of Los:
His Emanation, yet his Wife till the sleep of Death is past.

15 Such are the Buildings of Los: & such are the Woofs of Enitharmon.

And Los beheld his Sons, and he beheld his Daughters:
Every one a translucent Wonder: a Universe within,
Increasing inwards, into length, and breadth, and height:
Starry & glorious: and they, every one in their bright loins,
20 Have a beautiful golden gate which opens into the vegetative world:
And every one a gate of rubies & all sorts of precious stones
In their translucent hearts, which opens into the vegetative world:
And every one a gate of iron dreadful and wonderful
In their translucent heads, which opens into the vegetative world.
25 And every one has the three regions Childhood: Manhood: & Age.
But the gate of the tongue, the western gate in them is clos'd,
Having a wall builded against it: and thereby the gates
Eastward & Southward & Northward, are incircled with flaming fires.
And the North is Breadth, the South is Height & Depth:
30 The East is Inwards: & the West is Outwards every way.

And Los beheld the mild Emanation Jerusalem eastward bending
Her revolutions toward the Starry Wheels in maternal anguish,
Like a pale cloud arising from the arms of Beulah's Daughters:
34 In Entuthon Benython's deep Vales beneath Golgonooza.

p. 15 AND Hand & Hyle rooted into Jerusalem by a fibre
Of strong revenge, & Scofeld Vegetated by Reuben's Gate
In every Nation of the Earth, till the Twelve Sons of Albion
Enrooted into every Nation: a mighty Polypus growing
5 From Albion over the whole Earth: such is my awful Vision.

I see the Four-fold Man. The Humanity in deadly sleep,
And its fallen Emanation. The Spectre & its cruel Shadow.
I see the Past, Present & Future, existing all at once
Before me; O Divine Spirit sustain me on thy wings!
10 That I may awake Albion from his long & cold repose.
For Bacon & Newton sheath'd in dismal steel their terrors hang
Like iron scourges over Albion. Reasonings like vast Serpents
Infold around my limbs, bruising my minute articulations.

I turn my eyes to the Schools & Universities of Europe,
15 And there behold the Loom of Locke, whose Woof rages dire

Wash'd by the Water-wheels of Newton: black the cloth
In heavy wreathes folds over every Nation: cruel Works
Of many Wheels I view, wheel without wheel, with cogs tyrannic
Moving by compulsion each other: not as those in Eden, which
20 Wheel within Wheel in freedom revolve in harmony & peace.

I see in deadly fear in London Los raging round his Anvil
Of death: forming an Ax of gold; the Four Sons of Los
Stand round him cutting the Fibres from Albion's hills,
That Albion's Sons may roll apart over the Nations,
25 While Reuben enroots his brethren in the narrow Canaanite
From the Limit Noah to the Limit Abram, in whose Loins
Reuben in his Twelve-fold majesty & beauty shall take refuge,
As Abraham flees from Chaldea shaking his goary locks.
But first Albion must sleep, divided from the Nations.

30 I see Albion sitting upon his Rock in the first Winter,
And thence I see the Chaos of Satan & the World of Adam,
When the Divine Hand went forth on Albion in the mid Winter
And at the place of Death, when Albion sat in Eternal Death
34 Among the Furnaces of Los in the Valley of the Son of Hinnom.

P. 16 HAMPSTEAD, Highgate, Finchley, Hendon, Muswell Hill, rage loud
Before Bromion's iron Tongs & glowing Poker reddening fierce;
Hertfordshire glows with fierce Vegetation; in the Forests
The Oak frowns terrible, the Beech & Ash & Elm enroot
5 Among the Spiritual fires: loud the Corn-fields thunder along
The Soldier's Fife, the Harlot's shriek, the Virgin's dismal groan,
The Parent's fear, the Brother's jealousy, the Sister's curse,
Beneath the Storms of Theotormon, & the thund'ring Bellows
Heaves in the hand of Palamabron, who in London's darkness
10 Before the Anvil watches the bellowing flames: thundering
The Hammer loud rages in Rintrah's strong grasp, swinging loud
Round from heaven to earth, down falling with heavy blow
Dead on the Anvil, where the red hot wedge groans in pain.
He quenches it in the black trough of his Forge: London's River
15 Feeds the dread Forge, trembling & shuddering along the Valleys.
Humber & Trent roll dreadful before the Seventh Furnace,
And Tweed & Tyne anxious give up their souls for Albion's sake.
Lincolnshire, Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Leicestershire,
From Oxfordshire to Norfolk on the Lake of Udan Adan
20 Labour within the Furnaces, walking among the Fires,
With Ladles huge & iron Pokers over the Island white.

Scotland pours out his Sons to labour at the Furnaces:
 Wales gives his Daughters to the Looms; England, nursing Mothers
 Gives to the Children of Albion & to the Children of Jerusalem.
 25 From the blue Mundane Shell even to the Earth of Vegetation,
 Throughout the whole Creation which groans to be deliver'd,
 Albion groans in the deep slumbers of Death upon his Rock.

Here Los fix'd down the Fifty-two Counties of England & Wales,
 The Thirty-six of Scotland, & the Thirty-four of Ireland,
 30 With mighty power, when they fled out at Jerusalem's Gates,
 Away from the Conflict of Luvah & Urizen, fixing the Gates
 In the Twelve Counties of Wales, & thence Gates looking every way,
 To the Four Points, conduct to England & Scotland & Ireland,
 And thence to all the Kingdoms & Nations & Families of the Earth.
 35 The Gate of Reuben in Carmarthenshire: the Gate of Simeon in
 Cardiganshire: & the Gate of Levi in Montgomeryshire:
 The Gate of Judah, Merionethshire: the Gate of Dan, Flintshire:
 The Gate of Napthali, Radnorshire: the Gate of Gad, Pembrokeshire:
 The Gate of Asher, Carnarvonshire: the Gate of Issachar, Brecknockshire:
 40 The Gate of Zebulun, in Anglesea & Sodor, so is Wales divided,
 The Gate of Joseph, Denbighshire: the Gate of Benjamin, Glamorganshire:
 For the protection of the Twelve Emanations of Albion's Sons.

And the Forty Counties of England are thus divided in the Gates:
 Of Reuben, Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex. Simeon, Lincoln, York, Lancashire.
 45 Levi, Middlesex, Kent, Surrey. Judah, Somerset, Glouster, Wiltshire.
 Dan, Cornwall, Devon, Dorset. Napthali, Warwick, Leicester, Worcester.
 Gad, Oxford, Bucks, Harford. Asher, Sussex, Hampshire, Berkshire.
 Issachar, Northampton, Rutland, Nottgham. Zebulun, Bedford, Huntgn, Camb.
 Joseph, Stafford, Shrops, Heref. Benjamin, Derby, Cheshire, Monmouth.
 50 And Cumberland, Northumberland, Westmoreland & Durham are
 Divided in the (the) Gates of Reuben, Judah, Dan & Joseph.

And the Thirty-six Counties of Scotland, divided in the Gates:
 Of Reuben, Kincard, Haddntn, Forfar. Simeon, Ayr, Argyll, Banff.
 Levi, Edinburgh, Roxbro, Ross. Judah, Ayrdeen, Berwik, Dumfries.
 55 Dan, Bute, Caitnes, Clakmanan. Napthali, Nairn, Invernes, Linlithgo.
 Gad, Peebles, Perth, Renfru. Asher, Sutherlan, Stirling, Wigtoun.
 Issachar, Selkirk, Dumbartn, Glasgo. Zebulun, Orkney, Shetland, Skye.
 Joseph, Elgin, Lanerk, Kinros. Benjamin, Kromarty, Murra, Kirkubriht.
 Governing all by the sweet delights of secret amorous glances,
 60 In Enitharmon's Halls builded by Los & his mighty Children.

All things acted on Earth are seen in the bright Sculptures of

Los's Halls, & every Age renews its powers from these Works,
 With every pathetic story possible to happen from Hate or
 Wayward Love, & every sorrow & distress is carved here,
 65 Every Affinity of Parents, Marriages & Friendships are here
 In all their various combinations wrought with wondrous Art,
 All that can happen to Man in his pilgrimage of seventy years.
 Such is the Divine Written Law of Horeb & Sinai:
 69 And such the Holy Gospel of Mount Olivet & Calvary.

P. 17 HIS Spectre divides & Los in fury compells it to divide:
 To labour in the fire, in the water, in the earth, in the air,
 To follow the Daughters of Albion as the hound follows the scent
 Of the wild inhabitant of the forest, to drive them from his own:
 5 To make a way for the Children of Los to come from the Furnaces.
 But Los himself against Albion's Sons his fury bends, for he
 Dare not approach the Daughters openly lest he be consumed
 In the fires of their beauty & perfection & be Vegetated beneath
 Their Looms, in a Generation of death & resurrection to forgetfulness.
 10 They wooe Los continually to subdue his strength: he continually
 Shews them his Spectre; sending him abroad over the four points of heaven
 In the fierce desires of beauty & in the tortures of repulse: He is
 The Spectre of the Living pursuing the Emanations of the Dead.
 Shudd'ring they flee: they hide in the Druid Temples in cold chastity:
 15 Subdued by the Spectre of the Living & terrified by undisguis'd desire.

For Los said: Tho' my Spectre is divided, as I am a Living Man
 I must compell him to obey me wholly: that Enitharmon may not
 Be lost, & lest he should devour Enitharmon: Ah me!
 Piteous image of my soft desires & loves: O Enitharmon!
 20 I will compell my Spectre to obey: I will restore to thee thy Children.
 No one bruises or starves himself to make himself fit for labour!

Tormented with sweet desire for these beauties of Albion,
 They would never love my power if they did not seek to destroy
 Enitharmon: Vala would never have sought & loved Albion
 25 If she had not sought to destroy Jerusalem: such is that false
 And Generating Love: a pretence of love to destroy love:
 Cruel hypocrisy unlike the lovely delusions of Beulah:
 And cruel forms, unlike the merciful forms of Beulah's Night.

They know not why they love nor wherefore they sicken & die,
 30 Calling that Holy Love, which is Envy Revenge & Cruelty,
 Which separated the stars from the mountains: the mountains from Man,

And left Man, a little grovelling Root, outside of Himself.
 Negations are not Contraries: Contraries mutually Exist:
 But Negations Exist Not: Exceptions & Objections & Unbeliefs
 35 Exist not: nor shall they ever be Organized for ever & ever.
 If thou separate from me, thou art a Negation: a meer
 Reasoning & Derogation from me, an Objecting & cruel Spite
 And Malice & Envy: but my Emanation, Alas! will become
 My Contrary. O thou Negation, I will continually compell
 40 Thee to be invisible to any but whom I please, & when
 And where & how I please, and never! never! shalt thou be Organized,
 But as a distorted & reversed Reflexion in the Darkness
 And in the Non Entity: nor shall that which is above
 Ever descend into thee: but thou shalt be a Non Entity for ever.
 45 And if any enter into thee, thou shalt be an Unquenchable Fire
 And he shall be a never dying Worm, mutually tormented by
 Those that thou tormentest, a Hell & Despair for ever & ever.

So Los in secret with himself communed & Enitharmon heard
 In her darkness & was comforted: yet still she divided away
 50 In gnawing pain from Los's bosom in the deadly Night;
 First as a red Globe of blood trembling beneath his bosom
 Suspended over her he hung: he infolded her in his garments
 Of wool: he hid her from the Spectre, in shame & confusion of
 Face; in terrors & pains of Hell & Eternal Death, the
 55 Trembling Globe shot forth Self-living & Los howl'd over it:
 Feeding it with his groans & tears day & night without ceasing:
 And the Spectrous Darkness from his back divided in temptations,
 And in grinding agonies, in threats, stiflings, & direful strugglings.

Go thou to Skofield: ask him if he is Bath or if he is Canterbury.
 60 Tell him to be no more dubious: demand explicit words.
 Tell him: I will dash him into shivers, where & at what time
 I please: tell Hand & Skofield they are my ministers of evil
 63 To those I hate: for I can hate also as well as they!

p. 18 FROM every-one of the Four Regions of Human Majesty
 There is an Outside spread Without, & an Outside spread Within,
 Beyond the Outline of Identity both ways, which meet in One:
 An orb'd Void of doubt, despair, hunger & thirst & sorrow.
 5 Here the Twelve Sons of Albion, join'd in dark Assembly,
 Jealous of Jerusalem's children, asham'd of her little-ones,
 (For Vala produc'd the Bodies, Jerusalem gave the Souls)
 Became as Three Immense Wheels, turning upon one-another

Into Non-Entity, and their thunders hoarse appall the Dead,
10 To murder their own Souls, to build a Kingdom among the Dead.

Cast! Cast ye Jerusalem forth! The Shadow of delusions!
The Harlot daughter! Mother of pity and dishonourable forgiveness!
Our Father Albion's sin and shame! But father now no more!
Nor sons, nor hateful peace & love, nor soft complacencies
15 With transgressors meeting in brotherhood around the table,
Or in the porch or garden. No more the sinful delights
Of age and youth, and boy and girl, and animal and herb,
And river and mountain, and city & village, and house & family,
Beneath the Oak & Palm, beneath the Vine and Fig-tree,
20 In self-denial!—But War and deadly contention, Between
Father and Son, and light and love! All bold asperities
Of Haters met in deadly strife, rending the house & garden,
The unforgiving porches, the tables of enmity, and beds
And chambers of trembling & suspicion, hatreds of age & youth,
25 And boy & girl, & animal & herb, & river & mountain,
And city & village, and house & family. That the Perfect
May live in glory, redeem'd by Sacrifice of the Lamb
And of his children, before sinful Jerusalem. To build
Babylon the City of Vala, the Goddess Virgin-Mother.
30 She is our Mother! Nature! Jerusalem is our Harlot-Sister
Return'd with Children of pollution, to defile our House
With Sin and Shame. Cast! Cast her into the Potter's field.
Her little-ones, She must slay upon our Altars: and her aged
Parents must be carried into captivity, to redeem her Soul,
35 To be for a Shame & a Curse, and to be our Slaves for ever.

So cry Hand & Hyle the eldest of the fathers of Albion's
Little-ones: to destroy the Divine Saviour, the Friend of Sinners;
Building Castles in desolated places, and strong Fortifications.
Soon Hand mightily devour'd & absorb'd Albion's Twelve Sons.
40 Out from his bosom a mighty Polypus, vegetating in darkness.
And Hyle & Coban were his two chosen ones, for Emissaries
In War: forth from his bosom they went and return'd,
Like Wheels from a great Wheel reflected in the Deep.
Hoarse turn'd the Starry Wheels, rending a way in Albion's Loins
45 Beyond the Night of Beulah. In a dark & unknown Night,
46 Outstretch'd his Giant beauty on the ground in pain & tears.

P. 19 HIS Children exil'd from his breast, pass to and fro before him,
His birds are silent on his hills, flocks die beneath his branches,

His tents are fall'n: his trumpets, and the sweet sound of his harp,
 Are silent on his clouded hills, that belch forth storms & fire.
 5 His milk of Cows & honey of Bees, & fruit of golden harvest,
 Is gather'd in the scorching heat, & in the driving rain:
 Where once he sat he weary walks in misery and pain,
 His Giant beauty and perfection fallen into dust:
 Till from within his wither'd breast grown narrow with his woes,
 10 The corn is turn'd to thistles & the apples into poison:
 The birds of song to murderous crows, his joys to bitter groans:
 The voices of children in his tents to cries of helpless infants:
 And self-exiled from the face of light & shine of morning.
 In the dark world, a narrow house! he wanders up and down,
 15 Seeking for rest and finding none! and hidden far within,
 His Eon weeping in the cold and desolated Earth.

All his Affections now appear withoutside: all his Sons,
 Hand, Hyle & Coban, Guantok, Peachey, Brereton, Slayd & Hutton,
 Scofeld, Kox, Kotope & Bowen; his Twelve Sons: Satanic Mill:
 20 Who are the Spectres of the Twenty-four, each Double-form'd,
 Revolve upon his mountains groaning in pain: beneath
 The dark, incessant sky seeking for rest and finding none:
 Raging against their Human natures, rav'ning to gormandize
 The Human majesty and beauty of the Twenty-four,
 25 Condensing them into solid rocks with cruelty and abhorrence.
 Suspicion & revenge, & the seven diseases of the Soul
 Settled around Albion and around Luvah in his secret cloud.
 Willing the Friends endur'd, for Albion's sake, and for
 Jerusalem his Emanation shut within his bosom,
 30 Which harden'd against them more and more: as he builded onwards
 On the Gulph of Death in self-righteousness, that roll'd
 Before his awful feet, in pride of virtue for victory:
 And Los was roof'd in from Eternity in Albion's Cliffs
 Which stand upon the ends of Beulah, and withoutside, all
 35 Appear'd a rocky form against the Divine Humanity.

Albion's Circumference was clos'd: his Center began dark'ning
 Into the Night of Beulah, and the Moon of Beulah rose
 Clouded with storms: Los his strong Guard walk'd round beneath the Moon,
 And Albion fled inward among the currents of his rivers.
 40 He found Jerusalem upon the River of his City soft repos'd
 In the arms of Vala, assimilating in one with Vala,
 The Lilly of Havilah: and they sang soft thro' Lambeth's vales,

In a sweet moony night & silence that they had created,
With a blue sky spread over with wings and a mild moon,
45 Dividing & uniting into many female forms: Jerusalem
Trembling; then in one comingling in eternal tears,
47 Sighing to melt his Giant beauty, on the moony river.

P. 20 BUT when they saw Albion fall'n, upon mild Lambeth's vale:
Astonish'd, Terrified, they hover'd over his Giant limbs.
Then thus Jerusalem spoke, while Vala wove the veil of tears:
Weeping in pleadings of Love, in the web of despair.

5 Wherefore hast thou shut me into the winter of human life,
And clos'd up the sweet regions of youth and virgin innocence,
Where we live, forgetting error, not pondering on evil,
Among my lambs & brooks of water, among my warbling birds:
Where we delight in innocence before the face of the Lamb,
10 Going in and out before him in his love and sweet affection.

Vala replied weeping & trembling, hiding in her veil.

When winter rends the hungry family and the snow falls
Upon the ways of men hiding the paths of man and beast,
Then mourns the wanderer: then he repents his wanderings & eyes
15 The distant forest: then the slave groans in the dungeon of stone,
The captive in the mill of the stranger, sold for scanty hire.
They view their former life: they number moments over and over:
Stringing them on their remembrance as on a thread of sorrow.
Thou art my sister and my daughter: thy shame is mine also:
20 Ask me not of my griefs! thou knowest all my griefs.

Jerusalem answer'd with soft tears over the valleys.

O Vala what is Sin? that thou shudderest and weepest
At sight of thy once lov'd Jerusalem! What is Sin but a little
Error & fault that is soon forgiven; but mercy is not a Sin
25 Nor pity nor love nor kind forgiveness: O! if I have Sinned
Forgive & pity me! O! unfold thy Veil in mercy & love!
Slay not my little ones, beloved Virgin daughter of Babylon,
Slay not my infant loves & graces, beautiful daughter of Moab.
I cannot put off the human form, I strive but strive in vain.
30 When Albion rent thy beautiful net of gold and silver twine,
Thou hadst woven it with art, thou hadst caught me in the bands
Of love: thou refus'dst to let me go: Albion beheld thy beauty,

Beautiful thro' our Love's comeliness, beautiful thro' pity.
 The Veil shone with thy brightness in the eyes of Albion,
 35 Because it inclos'd pity & love; because we lov'd one-another.
 Albion lov'd thee: he rent thy Veil: he embrac'd thee: he lov'd thee!
 Astonish'd at his beauty & perfection, thou forgavest his furious love:
 I redounded from Albion's bosom in my virgin loveliness:
 The Lamb of God reciev'd me in his arms, he smil'd upon us:
 40 He made me his Bride & Wife: he gave thee to Albion.
 Then was a time of love: O why is it passed away!

42 Then Albion broke silence and with groans reply'd.

P. 21 O Vala! O Jerusalem! do you delight in my groans!
 You O lovely forms, you have prepared my death-cup:
 The disease of Shame covers me from head to feet: I have no hope.
 Every boil upon my body is a separate & deadly Sin.
 5 Doubt first assail'd me, then Shame took possession of me:
 Shame divides Families, Shame hath divided Albion in sunder:
 First fled my Sons, & then my Daughters, then my Wild Animations,
 My Cattle next, last ev'n the Dog of my Gate; the Forests fled,
 The Corn-fields, & the breathing Gardens outside separated,
 10 The Sea: the Stars: the Sun: the Moon: driv'n forth by my disease.
 All is Eternal Death unless you can weave a chaste
 Body over an unchaste Mind! Vala! O that thou wert pure!
 That the deep wound of Sin might be clos'd up with the Needle,
 And with the Loom: to cover Gwendolen & Ragan with costly Robes
 15 Of Natural Virtue, for their Spiritual forms without a Veil
 Wither in Luvah's Sepulchre. I thrust him from my presence
 And all my Children follow'd his loud howlings into the Deep.
 Jerusalem! dissembler Jerusalem! I look into thy bosom:
 I discover thy secret places. Cordella! I behold
 20 Thee whom I thought pure as the heavens in innocence & fear:
 Thy Tabernacle taken down, thy secret Cherubim disclosed.
 Art thou broken? Ah me, Sabrina, running by my side:
 In childhood what wert thou? unutterable anguish! Conwenna!
 Thy cradled infancy is most piteous. O hide, O hide!
 25 Their secret gardens were made paths to the traveller:
 I knew not of their secret loves with those I hated most,
 Nor that their every thought was Sin & secret appetite.
 Hyle sees in fear, he howls in fury over them. Hand sees
 In jealous fear: in stern accusation with cruel stripes
 30 He drives them thro' the Streets of Babylon before my face:

Because they taught Luvah to rise into my clouded heavens.
 Battersea and Chelsea mourn for Cambel & Gwendolen:
 Hackney and Holloway sicken for Estrild & Ignoge:
 Because the Peak, Malvern & Cheviot Reason in Cruelty,
 35 Penmaenmawr & Dhinas-bran Demonstrate in Unbelief,
 Manchester & Liverpool are in tortures of Doubt and Despair,
 Malden & Colchester Demonstrate: I hear my Children's voices,
 I see their piteous faces gleam out upon the cruel winds
 From Lincoln & Norwich, from Edinburgh & Monmouth:
 40 I see them distant from my bosom scourg'd along the roads,
 Then lost in clouds; I hear their tender voices! clouds divide:
 I see them die beneath the whips of the Captains; they are taken
 In solemn pomp into Chaldea across the breadths of Europe;
 Six months they lie embalm'd in silent death: worshipped,
 45 Carried in Arks of Oak before the armies in the spring.
 Bursting their Arks they rise again to life: they play before
 The Armies: I hear their loud cymbals & their deadly cries.
 Are the Dead cruel? are those who are infolded in moral Law
 Revengeful? O that Death & Annihilation were the same!
 50 Then Vala answer'd spreading her scarlet Veil over Albion.

P. 22 ALBION thy fear has made me tremble; thy terrors have surrounded me:
 Thy Sons have nail'd me on the Gates, piercing my hands & feet:
 Till Scofield's Nimrod the mighty Huntsman [before] Jehovah came,
 With Cush his Son & took me down. He in a golden Ark,
 5 Bears me before his Armies tho' my shadow hovers here.
 The flesh of multitudes fed & nouris'd me in my childhood,
 My morn & evening food were prepar'd in Battles of Men.
 Great is the cry of the Hounds of Nimrod along the Valley
 Of Vision, they scent the odor of War in the Valley of Vision.
 10 All Love is lost! terror succeeds & Hatred instead of Love,
 And stern demands of Right & Duty instead of Liberty.
 Once thou wast to me the loveliest Son of heaven: but now
 Where shall I hide from thy dread countenance & searching eyes?
 I have looked into the secret Soul of him I loved
 15 And in the dark recesses found Sin & can never return.

Albion again utter'd his voice beneath the silent Moon.

I brought Love into light of day to pride in chaste beauty,
 I brought Love into light & fancied Innocence is no more.

Then spake Jerusalem. O Albion! my Father Albion!

20 Why wilt thou number every little fibre of my Soul,
Spreading them out before the Sun like stalks of flax to dry?
The Infant Joy is beautiful, but its anatomy
Horrible, ghast & deadly: nought shalt thou find in it
But dark despair & everlasting brooding melancholy!

25 Then Albion turn'd his face toward Jerusalem & spake.
Hide thou, Jerusalem, in empalpable voidness, not to be
Touch'd by the hand nor seen with the eye: O Jerusalem,
Would thou wert not & that thy place might never be found.
But come, O Vala, with knife & cup: drain my blood
30 To the last drop: then hide me in thy Scarlet Tabernacle.
For I see Luvah whom I slew, I behold him in my Spectre,
As I behold Jerusalem in thee, O Vala dark and cold.

Jerusalem then stretch'd her hand toward the Moon & spoke.

Why should Punishment Weave the Veil with Iron Wheels of War,
35 When Forgiveness might it Weave with Wings of Cherubim?
36 Loud groan'd Albion from mountain to mountain & replied.

P. 23 JERUSALEM! Jerusalem! deluding shadow of Albion!
Daughter of my phantasy! unlawful pleasure! Albion's curse!
I came here with intention to annihilate thee; But
My soul is melted away, inwoven within the Veil.
5 Hast thou again knitted the Veil of Vala, which I for thee
Pitying rent in ancient times. I see it whole and more
Perfect and shining with beauty! But thou! O wretched Father!

Jerusalem reply'd, like a voice heard from a sepulcher:
Father! once piteous! Is Pity a Sin? Embalm'd in Vala's bosom
10 In an Eternal Death for Albion's sake, our best beloved.
Thou art my Father & my Brother: Why hast thou hidden me,
Remote from the divine Vision, my Lord & Saviour?

Trembling stood Albion at her words in jealous dark despair,
He felt that Love and Pity are the same; a soft repose:
15 Inward complacency of Soul: a Self-annihilation.

I have erred! I am ashamed! and will never return more:
I have taught my children sacrifices of cruelty: what shall I answer?
I will hide it from Eternals! I will give myself for my Children!
Which way soever I turn, I behold Humanity and Pity!

20 He recoil'd: he rush'd outwards: he bore the Veil whole away.
 His fires redound from his Dragon Altars in Errors returning.
 He drew the Veil of Moral Virtue, woven for Cruel Laws,
 And cast it into the Atlantic Deep, to catch the Souls of the Dead.
 He stood between the Palm tree & the Oak of weeping
 25 Which stand upon the edge of Beulah: and there Albion sunk
 Down in sick pallid languor: These were his last words, relapsing
 Hoarse from his rocks, from caverns of Derbyshire & Wales
 And Scotland, utter'd from the Circumference into Eternity.

Blasphemous Sons of Feminine delusion! God in the dreary Void
 30 Dwells from Eternity, wide separated from the Human Soul.
 But thou, deluding Image, by whom imbu'd the Veil I rent,
 Lo here is Vala's Veil whole, for a Law, a Terror & a Curse!
 And therefore God takes vengeance on me: from my clay-cold bosom
 My children wander, trembling victims of his Moral Justice.
 35 His snows fall on me and cover me, while in the Veil I fold
 My dying limbs. Therefore O Manhood, if thou art aught
 But a meer Phantasy, hear dying Albion's Curse!
 May God, who dwells in this dark Ulro & voidness, vengeance take,
 And draw thee down into this Abyss of sorrow and torture,
 40 Like me thy Victim. O that Death & Annihilation were the same!

P. 24 WHAT have I said? What have I done? O all-powerful Human Words!
 You recoil back upon me in the blood of the Lamb slain in his Children:
 Two bleeding Contraries, equally true, are his Witnesses against me.
 We reared mighty Stones: we danced naked around them:
 5 Thinking to bring Love into light of day, to Jerusalem's shame:
 Displaying our Giant limbs to all the winds of heaven: sudden
 Shame siez'd us, we could not look on one-another for abhorrence: the Blue
 Of our immortal Veins & all their Hosts fled from our Limbs,
 And wander'd distant in a dismal Night clouded & dark:
 10 The Sun fled from the Briton's forehead: the Moon from his mighty loins:
 Scandinavia fled with all his mountains fill'd with groans.

O what is Life & what is Man? O what is Death? Wherefore
 Are you my Children, natives in the Grave to where I go?
 Or are you born to feed the hungry ravings of Destruction,
 15 To be the sport of Accident! to waste in Wrath & Love, a weary
 Life, in brooding cares & anxious labours, that prove but chaff.
 O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, I have forsaken thy Courts,
 Thy Pillars of ivory & gold: thy Curtains of silk & fine

- Linen: thy Pavements of precious stones: thy Walls of pearl
 20 And gold, thy Gates of Thanksgiving, thy Windows of Praise:
 Thy Clouds of Blessing, thy Cherubims of Tender-mercy
 Stretching their Wings sublime over the Little-ones of Albion!
 O Human Imagination, O Divine Body I have Crucified,
 I have turned my back upon thee into the Wastes of Moral Law:
 25 There Babylon is builded in the Waste, founded in Human desolation.
 O Babylon, thy Watchman stands over thee in the night,
 Thy severe Judge all the day long proves thee, O Babylon,
 With provings of destruction, with giving thee thy hearts desire.
 But Albion is cast forth to the Potter, his Children to the Builders,
 30 To build Babylon because they have forsaken Jerusalem.
 The Walls of Babylon are Souls of Men: her Gates the Groans
 Of Nations: her Towers are the Miseries of once happy Families.
 Her Streets are paved with Destruction, her Houses built with Death,
 Her Palaces with Hell & the Grave; her Synagogues with Torments
 35 Of ever-hardening Despair, squar'd & polish'd with cruel skill.
 Yet thou wast lovely as the summer cloud upon my hills
 When Jerusalem was thy heart's desire in times of youth & love.
 Thy Sons came to Jerusalem with gifts. She sent them away
 With blessings on their hands & on their feet, blessings of gold,
 40 And pearl & diamond: thy Daughters sang in her Courts:
 They came up to Jerusalem: they walked before Albion.
 In the Exchanges of London every Nation walk'd,
 And London walk'd in every Nation, mutual in love & harmony.
 Albion cover'd the whole Earth, England encompass'd the Nations,
 45 Mutual each within other's bosom in Visions of Regeneration:
 Jerusalem cover'd the Atlantic Mountains & the Erythrean,
 From bright Japan & China to Hesperia, France & England.
 Mount Zion lifted his head in every Nation under heaven:
 And the Mount of Olives was beheld over the whole Earth.
 50 The footsteps of the Lamb of God were there: but now no more,
 No more shall I behold him, he is clos'd in Luvah's Sepulcher.
 Yet why these smittings of Luvah, the gentlest mildest Zoa?
 If God was Merciful this could not be: O Lamb of God,
 Thou art a delusion and Jerusalem is my Sin! O my Children,
 55 I have educated you in the crucifying cruelties of Demonstration
 Till you have assum'd the Providence of God & slain your Father.
 Dost thou appear before me who liest dead in Luvah's Sepulcher?
 Dost thou forgive me? thou who wast Dead & art Alive?
 Look not so merciful upon me, O thou Slain Lamb of God!
 60 I die! I die in thy arms tho' Hope is banish'd from me.

Thund'ring the Veil rushes from his hand, Vegetating Knot by
Knot, Day by Day, Night by Night: loud roll the indignant Atlantic
63 Waves & the Erythrean, turning up the bottoms of the Deeps.

P. 25 AND there was heard a great lamenting in Beulah: all the Regions
Of Beulah were moved as the tender bowels are moved: & they said:

Why did you take Vengeance, O ye Sons of the mighty Albion?
Planting these Oaken Groves: Erecting these Dragon Temples.

5 Injury the Lord heals but Vengeance cannot be healed:

As the Sons of Albion have done to Luvah: so they have in him
Done to the Divine Lord & Saviour, who suffers with those that suffer.

For not one sparrow can suffer, & the whole Universe not suffer also,

In all its Regions, & its Father & Saviour not pity and weep.

10 But Vengeance is the destroyer of Grace & Repentance in the bosom
Of the Injurer: in which the Divine Lamb is cruelly slain!

Descend, O Lamb of God, & take away the imputation of Sin

By the Creation of States & the deliverance of Individuals Evermore. Amen.

Thus wept they in Beulah over the Four Regions of Albion:

15 But many doubted & despair'd & imputed Sin & Righteousness

16 To Individuals & not to States, and these Slept in Ulro.

JERUSALEM the Emanation of the Giant Albion! Can it be? Is it a Truth that the Learned have explored? Was Britain the Primitive Seat of the Patriarchal Religion? If it is true, my title-page is also True, that Jerusalem was & is the Emanation of the Giant Albion. It is True, and
 5 cannot be controverted. Ye are united, O ye Inhabitants of Earth, in One Religion: The Religion of Jesus: the most Ancient, the Eternal & the Everlasting Gospel. The Wicked will turn it to Wickedness, the Righteous to Righteousness. Amen! Huzza! Selah!

"All things Begin & End in Albion's Ancient Druid Rocky Shore."

10 Your Ancestors derived their origin from Abraham, Heber, Shem, and Noah, who were Druids: as the Druid Temples (which are the Patriarchal Pillars & Oak Groves) over the whole Earth witness to this day.

You have a tradition, that Man anciently contain'd in his mighty limbs all things in Heaven & Earth: this you recieved from the Druids.

15 "But now the Starry Heavens are fled from the mighty limbs of Albion."

Albion was the Parent of the Druids: & in his Chaotic State of Sleep
 17 Satan & Adam & the whole World was Created by the Elohim.

The fields from Islington to Marybone,
 To Primrose Hill and Saint John's Wood,
 20 Were builded over with pillars of gold,
 And there Jerusalem's pillars stood.

Her Little-ones ran on the fields,
 The Lamb of God among them seen,
 And fair Jerusalem his Bride,
 25 Among the little meadows green.

Pancrass & Kentish-town repose
 Among her golden pillars high:
 Among her golden arches which
 Shine upon the starry sky.

30 The Jew's-harp-house & the Green Man,
 The Ponds where Boys to bathe delight,
 The fields of Cows by William's farm,
 Shine in Jerusalem's pleasant sight.

She walks upon our meadows green:
 35 The Lamb of God walks by her side:
 And every English Child is seen,
 Children of Jesus & his Bride.

Forgiving trespasses and sins
Lest Babylon with cruel Og,
40 With Moral & Self-righteous Law,
Should Crucify in Satan's Synagogue!

What are those golden Builders doing
Near mournful ever-weeping Paddington,
Standing above that mighty Ruin
45 Where Satan the first victory won,

Where Albion slept beneath the Fatal Tree,
And the Druids' golden Knife
Rioted in human gore,
In Offerings of Human Life?

50 They groan'd aloud on London Stone,
They groan'd aloud on Tyburn's Brook,
Albion gave his deadly groan,
And all the Atlantic Mountains shook.

Albion's Spectre from his Loins,
55 Tore forth in all the pomp of War:
Satan his name: in flames of fire
He stretch'd his Druid Pillars far.

Jerusalem fell from Lambeth's Vale,
Down thro' Poplar & Old Bow;
60 Thro' Malden & across the Sea,
In War & howling, death & woe.

The Rhine was red with human blood;
The Danube roll'd a purple tide;
On the Euphrates Satan stood,
65 And over Asia stretch'd his pride.

He wither'd up sweet Zion's Hill,
From every Nation of the Earth;
He wither'd up Jerusalem's Gates,
And in a dark Land gave her birth.

70 He wither'd up the Human Form,
By laws of sacrifice for sin,
Till it became a Mortal Worm;
But O! translucent all within.

The Divine Vision still was seen,
75 Still was the Human Form Divine,
Weeping in weak & mortal clay,
O Jesus, still the Form was thine.

And thine the Human Face, & thine
The Human Hands & Feet & Breath,
80 Entering thro' the Gates of Birth,
And passing thro' the Gates of Death.

And O thou Lamb of God, whom I
Slew in my dark self-righteous pride,
Art thou return'd to Albion's Land?
85 And is Jerusalem thy Bride?

Come to my arms & never more
Depart; but dwell for ever here:
Create my Spirit to thy Love:
Subdue my Spectre to thy Fear.

90 Spectre of Albion! warlike Fiend!
In clouds of blood & ruin roll'd:
I here reclaim thee as my own,
My Self-hood! Satan! arm'd in gold.

Is this thy soft Family-Love,
95 Thy cruel Patriarchal pride,
Planting thy Family alone,
Destroying all the World beside?

A man's worst enemies are those
Of his own house & family;
100 And he who makes his law a curse,
By his own hand shall surely die.

In my Exchanges every Land
Shall walk, & mine in every Land,
Mutual, shall build Jerusalem;
105 Both heart in heart & hand in hand.

If Humility is Christianity, you, O Jews, are the true Christians; If
your tradition that Man contained in his Limbs all Animals is True &
they were separated from him by cruel Sacrifices; and when compulsory
cruel Sacrifices had brought Humanity into a Feminine Tabernacle, in the
110 loins of Abraham & David, the Lamb of God, the Saviour became appar-
ent on Earth as the Prophets had foretold! The Return of Israel is a Return
112 to Mental Sacrifice & War. Take up the Cross, O Israel, & follow Jesus.

EVERY ornament of perfection, and every labour of love,
 In all the Garden of Eden, & in all the golden mountains,
 Was become an envied horror, and a remembrance of jealousy:
 And every Act a Crime, and Albion the punisher & judge.

5 And Albion spoke from his secret seat and said:

All these ornaments are crimes, they are made by the labours
 Of loves: of unnatural consanguinities and friendships,
 Horrid to think of when enquired deeply into: and all
 These hills & valleys are accursed witnesses of Sin.

10 I therefore condense them into solid rocks, stedfast:
 A foundation and certainty and demonstrative truth:
 That Man be separate from Man, & here I plant my seat.

Cold snows drifted around him: ice cover'd his loins around.
 He sat by Tyburn's brook, and underneath his heel shot up

15 A deadly Tree: he nam'd it Moral Virtue, and the Law
 Of God who dwells in Chaos hidden from the human sight.

The Tree spread over him its cold shadows, (Albion groan'd)
 They bent down, they felt the earth and again enrooting
 Shot into many a Tree: an endless labyrinth of woe!

20 From willing sacrifice of Self, to sacrifice of (miscall'd) Enemies
 For Atonement: Albion began to erect twelve Altars,
 Of rough unhewn rocks, before the Potter's Furnace.
 He nam'd them Justice, and Truth. And Albion's Sons
 Must have become the first Victims, being the first transgressors:
 25 But they fled to the mountains to seek ransom: building A Strong
 Fortification against the Divine Humanity and Mercy,
 27 In Shame & Jealousy to annihilate Jerusalem!

p. 29 THEN the Divine Vision like a silent Sun appear'd above
 Albion's dark rocks: setting behind the Gardens of Kensington
 On Tyburn's River: in clouds of blood: where was mild Zion Hill's
 Most ancient promontory: and in the Sun, a Human Form appear'd,

5 And thus the Voice Divine went forth upon the rocks of Albion.

I elected Albion for my glory: I gave to him the Nations
 Of the whole Earth. He was the Angel of my Presence: and all
 The Sons of God were Albion's Sons: and Jerusalem was my joy.
 The Reactor hath hid himself thro' envy. I behold him,

- 10 But you cannot behold him till he be reveal'd in his System.
Albion's Reactor must have a Place prepar'd. Albion must Sleep
The Sleep of Death, till the Man of Sin & Repentance be reveal'd.
Hidden in Albion's Forests he lurks: he admits of no Reply
From Albion: but hath founded his Reaction into a Law
15 Of Action, for Obedience to destroy the Contraries of Man.
He hath compell'd Albion to become a Punisher & hath possess'd
Himself of Albion's Forests & Wilds: and Jerusalem is taken,
The City of the Woods in the Forest of Ephratah is taken!
London is a stone of her ruins: Oxford is the dust of her walls:
20 Sussex & Kent are her scatter'd garments: Ireland her holy place:
And the murder'd bodies of her little ones are Scotland and Wales.
The Cities of the Nations are the smoke of her consummation,
The Nations are her dust, ground by the chariot wheels
Of her lordly conquerors, her palaces levell'd with the dust.
25 I come that I may find a way for my banished ones to return.
Fear not, O little Flock, I come: Albion shall rise again.

So saying, the mild Sun inclos'd the Human Family.

- Forthwith from Albion's darkning locks came two Immortal forms,
Saying: We alone are escaped, O merciful Lord and Saviour,
30 We flee from the interiors of Albion's hills and mountains;
From his Valleys Eastward; from Amalek, Canaan & Moab;
Beneath his vast ranges of hills surrounding Jerusalem.

- Albion walk'd on the steps of fire before his Halls,
And Vala walk'd with him in dreams of soft deluding slumber.
35 He looked up & saw the Prince of Light with splendor faded.
Then Albion ascended mourning into the porches of his Palace:
Above him rose a Shadow from his wearied intellect
Of living gold, pure, perfect, holy; in white linen pure he hover'd,
A sweet entrancing self-delusion, a wat'ry vision of Albion,
40 Soft exulting in existence; all the Man absorbing.

Albion fell upon his face prostrate before the wat'ry Shadow,
Saying: O Lord whence is this change? thou knowest I am nothing!
And Vala trembled & cover'd her face; & her locks were spread on the pavement.

- We heard astonish'd at the Vision & our hearts trembled within us;
45 We heard the voice of slumberous Albion, and thus he spake,
Idoltrous to his own Shadow words of eternity uttering:

O I am nothing when I enter into judgment with thee!
If thou withdraw thy breath I die & vanish into Hades,

If thou dost lay thine hand upon me, behold I am silent:
50 If thou withhold thine hand, I perish like a fallen leaf.
O I am nothing: and to nothing must return again:
If thou withdraw thy breath, Behold I am oblivion.

He ceas'd; the shadowy voice was silent: but the cloud hover'd over their heads
In golden wreathes, the sorrow of Man; & the balmy drops fell down.
55 And lo! that son of Man, that Shadowy Spirit of mild Albion,
Luvah descended from the cloud: in terror Albion rose:
Indignant rose the awful Man, & turn'd his back on Vala.

We heard the voice of Albion starting from his sleep:

Whence is this voice crying, Enion! that soundeth in my ears?
60 O cruel pity! O dark deceit! can love seek for dominion?

And Luvah strove to gain dominion over Albion:
They strove together above the Body where Vala was inclos'd,
And the dark Body of Albion left prostrate upon the crystal pavement:
Cover'd with boils from head to foot: the terrible smittings of Luvah.

65 Then frown'd the fallen Man, and put forth Luvah from his presence,
Saying, Go and Die the Death of Man, for Vala the sweet wanderer.
I will turn the volutions of your ears outward, and bend your nostrils
Downward, and your fluxile eyes englob'd roll round in fear;
Your with'ring lips and tongue shrink up into a narrow circle,
70 Till into narrow forms you creep: go take your fiery way:
And learn what 'tis to absorb the Man, you Spirits of Pity & Love.

They heard the voice and fled swift as the winter's setting sun.
And now the human blood foam'd high, the Spirits Luvah & Vala
Went down the Human Heart where Paradise & its joys abounded,
75 In jealous fears & fury & rage, & flames roll round their fervid feet:
And the vast form of Nature like a serpent play'd before them.
And as they fled in folding fires & thunders of the deep,
Vala shrunk in like the dark sea that leaves its slimy banks,
And from her bosom Luvah fell far as the east and West.
80 And the vast form of Nature like a serpent roll'd between,
Whether of Jerusalem's or Vala's ruins congenerated we know not:
All is confusion: all is tumult, & we alone are escaped.
83 So spoke the fugitives; they join'd the Divine Family, trembling.

p. 30 AND the Two that escaped were the Emanation of Los & his
Spectre: for where ever the Emanation goes, the Spectre
Attends her as her Guard, & Los's Emanation is named

Enitharmon, & his Spectre is named Urthona: they knew
5 Not where to flee: they had been on a visit to Albion's Children:
And they strove to weave a Shadow of the Emanation
To hide themselves: weeping & lamenting for the Vegetation
Of Albion's Children; fleeing thro Albion's vales in streams of gore.

Being not irritated by insult, bearing insulting benevolences,
10 They perceived that corporeal friends are spiritual enemies:
They saw the Sexual Religion in its embryo Uncircumcision.
And the Divine hand was upon them bearing them thro' darkness,
Back safe to their Humanity as doves to their windows:
Therefore the Sons of Eden praise Urthona's Spectre in Songs
15 Because he kept the Divine Vision in time of trouble.

They wept & trembled: & Los put forth his hand, & took them in,
Into his Bosom; from which Albion shrunk in dismal pain;
Bending the fibres of Brotherhood, & in Feminine Allegories
Inclosing Los; but the Divine Vision appear'd with Los,
20 Following Albion into his Central Void among his Oaks.

And Los prayed and said, O Divine Saviour arise
Upon the Mountains of Albion as in ancient time. Behold!
The Cities of Albion seek thy face, London groans in pain
From Hill to Hill & the Thames laments along the Valleys:
25 The little Villages of Middlesex & Surrey hunger & thirst:
The Twenty-eight Cities of Albion stretch their hands to thee,
Because of the Oppressors of Albion in every City & Village:
They mock at the Labourer's limbs! they mock at his starv'd Children.
They buy his Daughters that they may have power to sell his Sons;
30 They compell the Poor to live upon a crust of bread by soft mild arts;
They reduce the Man to want, then give with pomp & ceremony.
The praise of Jehovah is chaunted from lips of hunger & thirst.
Humanity knows not of Sex: wherefore are Sexes in Beulah?
In Beulah the Female lets down her beautiful Tabernacle,
35 Which the Male enters magnificent between her Cherubim,
And becomes One with her, mingling, condensing in Self-love,
The Rocky law of Condemnation & double Generation, & Death.
Albion hath enter'd the Loins, the place of the Last Judgment:
And Luvah hath drawn the Curtains around Albion in Vala's bosom.
40 The Dead awake to Generation! Arise O Lord, & rend the Veil!

41 So Los in lamentations follow'd Albion. Albion cover'd

p. 31 HIS western heaven with rocky clouds of death & despair.

- Fearing that Albion should turn his back against the Divine Vision
Los took his globe of fire to search the interiors of Albion's
Bosom, in all the terrors of friendship, entering the caves
5 Of despair & death, to search the tempters out, walking among
Albion's rocks & precipices: caves of solitude & dark despair.
And saw every Minute Particular of Albion degraded & murder'd,
But saw not by whom; they were hidden within in the minute particulars
Of which they had possess'd themselves: and there they take up
10 The articulations of a man's soul, and laughing throw it down
Into the frame, then knock it out upon the plank, & souls are bak'd
In bricks to build the pyramids of Heber & Terah. But Los
Search'd in vain; clos'd from the minutia he walk'd, difficult
He came down from Highgate thro' Hackney & Holloway towards London,
15 Till he came to old Stratford & thence to Stepney & the Isle
Of Leutha's Dogs, thence thro' the narrows of the River's side
And saw every minute particular, the jewels of Albion, running down
The kennels of the streets & lanes as if they were abhorr'd.
Every Universal Form was become barren mountains of Moral
20 Virtue; and every Minute Particular harden'd into grains of sand:
And all the tendernesses of the soul cast forth as filth & mire.
Among the winding places of deep contemplation intricate,
To where the Tower of London frown'd dreadful over Jerusalem;
A building of Luvah builded in Jerusalem's eastern gate to be
25 His secluded Court: thence to Bethlehem where was builded
Dens of despair in the house of bread; 'enquiring in vain
Of stones and rocks he took his way, for human form was none:
And thus he spoke, looking on Albion's City with many tears.

- What shall I do? what could I do, if I could find these Criminals?
30 I could not dare to take vengeance: for all things are so constructed
And builded by the Divine hand that the sinner shall always escape,
And he who takes vengeance alone is the criminal of Providence:
If I should dare to lay my finger on a grain of sand
In way of vengeance, I punish the already punish'd; O whom
35 Should I pity if I pity not the sinner who is gone astray?
O Albion, if thou takest vengeance, if thou revengest thy wrongs,
Thou art for ever lost! What can I do to hinder the Sons
Of Albion from taking vengeance? or how shall I them perswade?

- So spoke Los, travelling thro' darkness & horrid solitude:
40 And he beheld Jerusalem in Westminster & Marybone,

Among the ruins of the Temple; and Vala who is her Shadow.
Jerusalem's Shadow bent northward over the Island white.
At length he sat on London Stone, & heard Jerusalem's voice.

Albion, I cannot be thy Wife, thine own Minute Particulars
45 Belong to God alone, and all thy little ones are holy,
They are of Faith & not of Demonstration: wherefore is Vala
Cloth'd in black mourning upon my river's currents? Vala awake!
I hear thy shuttles sing in the sky, and round my limbs
I feel the iron threads of love & jealousy & despair.

50 Vala reply'd. Albion is mine! Luvah gave me to Albion,
And now recieves reproach & hate. Was it not said of old,
Set your Son before a man & he shall take you & your sons
For slaves; but set your Daughter before a man & She
Shall make him & his sons & daughters your slaves for ever.

55 And is this Faith? Behold the strife of Albion & Luvah
Is great in the east, their spears of blood rage in the eastern heaven.
Urizen is the champion of Albion, they will slay my Luvah:
And thou, O harlot daughter, daughter of despair, art all
This cause of these shakings of my towers on Euphrates.

60 Here is the House of Albion, & here is thy secluded place,
And here we have found thy sins; & hence we turn thee forth,
For all to avoid thee; to be astonish'd at thee for thy sins;
Because thou art the impurity & the harlot; & thy children,
Children of whoredoms; born for Sacrifice, for the meat & drink
65 Offering: to sustain the glorious combat & the battle & war,
That Man may be purified by the death of thy delusions.

So saying she her dark threads cast over the trembling River,
And over the valleys; from the hills of Hertfordshire to the hills
Of Surrey across Middlesex, & across Albion's House
70 Of Eternity; pale stood Albion at his eastern gate,

p. 32 LEANING against the pillars, & his disease rose from his skirts:
Upon the Precipice he stood; ready to fall into Non-Entity.

Los was all astonishment & terror; he trembled sitting on the Stone
Of London; but the interiors of Albion's fibres & nerves were hidden
5 From Los; astonish'd he beheld only the petrified surfaces;
And saw his Furnaces in ruins, for Los is the Demon of the Furnaces.
He saw also the Four Points of Albion revers'd inwards:
He siez'd his Hammer & Tongs, his iron Poker & his Bellows,
Upon the valleys of Middlesex, Shouting loud for aid Divine.

- 10 In stern defiance came from Albion's bosom Hand, Hyle, Koban,
Gwantok, Peachey, Brertun, Slaid, Huttn, Skofeld, Kock, Kotope,
Bowen; Albion's Sons; they bore him a golden couch into the porch,
And on the Couch repos'd his limbs, trembling from the bloody field,
Rearing their Druid Patriarchal rocky Temples around his limbs.
15 (All thing[s] begin & end, in Albion's Ancient Druid Rocky Shore.)

p. 33 TURNING his back to the Divine Vision, his Spectrous
Chaos before his face appear'd; an Unformed Memory!

Then spoke the Spectrous Chaos to Albion, dark'ning, cold,
From the back & loins where dwell the Spectrous Dead:

- 5 I am your Rational Power, O Albion, & that Human Form
You call Divine, is but a Worm seventy inches long
That creeps forth in a night & is dried in the morning sun,
In fortuitous concourse of memorys accumulated & lost.
It plows the Earth in its own conceit, it overwhelms the Hills
10 Beneath its winding labyrinths, till a stone of the brook
Stops it in midst of its pride among its hills & rivers.
Battersea & Chelsea mourn, London & Canterbury tremble,
Their place shall not be found as the wind passes over.
The ancient Cities of the Earth remove as a traveller,
15 And shall Albion's Cities remain when I pass over them,
With my deluge of forgotten remembrances over the tablet?

- So spoke the Spectre to Albion, he is the Great Selfhood
Satan, Worship'd as God by the Mighty Ones of the Earth,
Having a white Dot call'd a Center from which branches out
20 A Circle in continual gyrations: this became a Heart
From which sprang numerous branches varying their motions,
Producing many Heads, three or seven or ten, & hands & feet,
Innumerable at will of the unfortunate contemplator
Who becomes his food: such is the way of the Devouring Power.
25 And this is the cause of the appearance in the frowning Chaos:
Albion's Emanation which he had hidden in Jealousy
Appear'd now in the frowning Chaos, prolific upon the Chaos,
Reflecting back to Albion in Sexual Reasoning, Hermaphroditic.

- Albion spoke. Who art thou that appearest in gloomy pomp,
30 Involving the Divine Vision in colours of autumn ripeness?
I never saw thee till this time, nor beheld life abstracted
Nor darkness immingled with light on my furrow'd field.

Whence camest thou? who art thou, O loveliest? the Divine Vision
Is as nothing before thee, faded is all life and joy.

35 Vala replied in clouds of tears Albion's garment embracing.

I was a City & a Temple built by Albion's Children!
I was a Garden planted with beauty, I allured on hill & valley
The River of Life to flow against my walls & among my trees.
Vala was Albion's Bride & Wife in great Eternity:

40 The loveliest of the daughters of Eternity, when in day-break

I emanated from Luvah over the Towers of Jerusalem,
And in her Courts among her little Children, offering up
The Sacrifice of fanatic love! why loved I Jerusalem?

Why was I one with her embracing in the Vision of Jesus?

45 Wherefore did I loving create love, which never yet

Immingled God & Man, when thou & I hid the Divine Vision
In cloud of secret gloom which behold involve me round about?
Know me now Albion: look upon me, I alone am Beauty:

The Imaginative Human Form is but a breathing of Vala:

50 I breathe him forth into the Heaven from my secret Cave,
Born of the Woman to obey the Woman, O Albion the mighty,

52 For the Divine appearance is Brotherhood, but I am Love

P. 34 ELEVATE into the Region of Brotherhood with my red fires.

Art thou Vala? replied Albion, image of my repose!

O how I tremble! how my members pour down milky fear!

A dewy garment covers me all over, all manhood is gone!

5 At thy word & at thy look death enrobes me about

From head to feet, a garment of death & eternal fear.

Is not that Sun thy husband & that Moon thy glimmering Veil?

Are not the Stars of heaven thy Children? art thou not Babylon?

Art thou Nature Mother of all? is Jerusalem thy Daughter?

10 Why have thou elevate inward, O dweller of outward chambers,

From grot & cave beneath the Moon, dim region of death,

Where I laid my Plow in the hot noon, where my hot team fed,

Where implements of War are forged, the Plow to go over the Nations,

In pain girding me round like a rib of iron in heaven: O Vala!

15 In Eternity they neither marry nor are given in marriage.

Albion the high Cliff of the Atlantic is become a barren Land.

Los stood at his Anvil: he heard the contentions of Vala,

He heav'd his thund'ring Bellows upon the valleys of Middlesex,

He open'd his Furnaces before Vala; then Albion frown'd in anger

20 On his Rock, ere yet the Starry Heavens were fled away
From his awful Members; and thus Los cried aloud
To the Sons of Albion & to Hand the eldest Son of Albion.

I hear the screech of Childbirth loud pealing, & the groans
Of Death, in Albion's clouds dreadful utter'd over all the Earth.
25 What may Man be? who can tell! but what may Woman be,
To have power over Man from Cradle to corruptible Grave?
There is a Throne in every Man, it is the Throne of God,
This Woman has claim'd as her own & Man is no more!
Albion is the Tabernacle of Vala & her Temple,
30 And not the Tabernacle & Temple of the Most High.
O Albion why wilt thou Create a Female Will?
To hide the most evident God in a hidden covert, even
In the shadows of a Woman, & a secluded Holy Place,
That we may pry after him as after a stolen treasure,
35 Hidden among the Dead & mured up from the paths of life.
Hand! art thou not Reuben enrooting thyself into Bashan,
Till thou remainest a vaporous Shadow in a Void? O Merlin!
Unknown among the Dead where never before Existence came,
Is this the Female Will O ye lovely Daughters of Albion, To
40 Converse concerning Weight & Distance in the Wilds of Newton & Locke?

So Los spoke standing on Mam-Tor, looking over Europe & Asia:
The Graves thunder beneath his feet from Ireland to Japan.

Reuben slept in Bashan like one dead, in the Valley,
Cut off from Albion's mountains & from all the Earth's summits,
45 Between Succoth & Zaretan beside the Stone of Bohan;
While the Daughters of Albion divided Luvah into three Bodies.
Los bended his Nostrils down to the Earth, then sent him over
Jordan to the Land of the Hittite; every-one that saw him
Fled! they fled at his horrible Form; they hid in caves
50 And dens, they looked on one-another & became what they beheld.

Reuben return'd to Bashan, in despair he slept on the Stone.
Then Gwendolen divided into Rahab & Tirza in Twelve Portions
Los rolled his Eyes into two narrow circles, then sent him
Over Jordan; all terrified fled; they became what they beheld.

55 If Perceptive Organs vary: Objects of Perception seem to vary:
If the Perceptive Organs close: their Objects seem to close also.
Consider this, O mortal Man: O worm of sixty winters, said Los,
58 Consider Sexual Organization & hide thee in the dust.

- P. 35 THEN the Divine hand found the Two Limits, Satan and Adam,
 In Albion's bosom; for in every Human bosom those Limits stand.
 And the Divine voice came from the Furnaces, as multitudes without
 Number! the voices of the innumerable multitudes of Eternity:
- 5 And the appearance of a Man was seen in the Furnaces,
 Saving those who have sinned from the punishment of the Law,
 (In pity of the punisher whose state is eternal death,)
 And keeping them from Sin by the mild counsels of his love.
- Albion goes to Eternal Death: In Me all Eternity
- 10 Must pass thro' condemnation, and awake beyond the Grave:
 No individual can keep these Laws, for they are death
 To every energy of man, and forbid the springs of life.
 Albion hath enter'd the State Satan! Be permanent O State!
 And be thou for ever accursed! that Albion may arise again.
- 15 And be thou created into a State! I go forth to Create
 States! to deliver Individuals evermore! Amen.
- 17 So spoke the voice from the Furnaces, descending into Non-Entity.
- P. 36 REUBEN return'd to his place, in vain he sought beautiful Tirzah,
 For his Eyelids were narrow'd, & his Nostrils scented the ground.
 And Sixty Winters Los raged in the Divisions of Reuben,
 Building the Moon of Ulro, plank by plank & rib by rib.
- 5 Reuben slept in the Cave of Adam, and Los folded his Tongue
 Between Lips of mire & clay, then sent him forth over Jordan.
 In the love of Tirzah he said: Doubt is my food day & night.
 All that beheld him fled howling and gnawed their tongues
 For pain: they became what they beheld. In reasonings Reuben returned
- 10 To Heshbon: disconsolate he walk'd thro' Moab & he stood
 Before the Furnaces of Los in a horrible dreamful slumber,
 On Mount Gilead looking toward Gilgal: and Los bended
 His Ear in a spiral circle outward; then sent him over Jordan.
- The Seven Nations fled before him, they became what they beheld:
- 15 Hand, Hyle & Coban fled; they became what they beheld:
 Gwantock & Peachey hid in Damascus beneath Mount Lebanon,
 Brereton & Slade in Egypt, Hutton & Skofeld & Kox
 Fled over Chaldea in terror, in pains in every nerve,
 Kotope & Bowen became what they beheld, fleeing over the Earth:
- 20 And the Twelve Female Emanations fled with them agonizing.
- Jerusalem trembled seeing her Children driv'n by Los's Hammer,
 In the visions of the dreams of Beulah, on the edge of Non-Entity.

Hand stood between Reuben & Merlin, as the Reasoning Spectre
Stands between the Vegetative Man & his Immortal Imagination.

25 And the Four Zoas clouded rage, East & West & North & South:
They change their situations, in the Universal Man.

Albion groans, he sees the Elements divide before his face,
And England, who is Brittannia, divided into Jerusalem & Vala:
And Urizen assumes the East, Luvah assumes the South,

30 Is his dark Spectre ravening from his open Sepulcher.

And the Four Zoas, who are the Four Eternal Senses of Man,
Became Four Elements separating from the Limbs of Albion:
These are their names in the Vegetative Generation.

And Accident & Chance were found hidden in Length, Breadth & Highth:

35 And they divided into Four ravening deathlike Forms,
Fairies & Genii & Nymphs & Gnomes of the Elements:
These are States Permanently Fixed by the Divine Power.

The Atlantic Continent sunk round Albion's clifffy shore,
And the Sea poured in amain upon the Giants of Albion,

40 As Los bended the Senses of Reuben. Reuben is Merlin
Exploring the Three States of Ulro; Creation, Redemption, & Judgment.

And many of the Eternal Ones laughed after their manner:

Have you known the Judgment that is arisen among the
Zoas of Albion; where a Man dare hardly to embrace

45 His own Wife, for the terrors of Chastity that they call
By the name of Morality; their Daughters govern all
In hidden deceit! they are Vegetable, only fit for burning.
Art & Science cannot exist but by Naked Beauty display'd.

Then those in Great Eternity who contemplate on Death

50 Said thus, What seems to Be; Is; To those to whom
It seems to Be, & is productive of the most dreadful
Consequences to those to whom it seems to Be; even of
Torments, Despair, Eternal Death; but the Divine Mercy
Steps beyond and Redeems Man in the Body of Jesus. Amen.

55 And Length, Breadth, Highth again Obey the Divine Vision. Hallelujah.

P. 37 AND One stood forth from the Divine family & said:
I feel my Spectre rising upon me! Albion! arouze thyself!
Why dost thou thunder with frozen Spectrous wrath against us?
The Spectre is, in Giant Man, insane, and most deform'd.

5 Thou wilt certainly provoke my Spectre against thine in fury!
He has a Sepulcher hewn out of a Rock ready for thee:

And a Death of Eight thousand years forg'd by thyself, upon
The point of his Spear! if thou persistest to forbid with Laws
Our Emanations, and to attack our secret supreme delights.

- 10 So Los spoke: But when he saw blue death in Albion's feet
Again he join'd the Divine Body, following, merciful,
12 While Albion fled more indignant: revengeful covering

p. 38 HIS face and bosom with petrific hardness, and his hands
And feet, lest any should enter his bosom & embrace
His hidden heart: his Emanation wept & trembled within him:
Uttering not his jealousy, but hiding it as with

- 5 Iron and steel, dark and opaque, with clouds & tempests brooding:
His strong limbs shudder'd upon his mountains high and dark.

Turning from Universal Love petrific as he went,
His cold against the warmth of Eden rag'd with loud
Thunders of deadly war (the fever of the human soul)

- 10 Fires and clouds of rolling smoke! but, mild, the Saviour follow'd him,
Displaying the Eternal Vision, the Divine Similitude,
In loves and tears of brothers, sisters, sons, fathers and friends,
Which if Man ceases to behold, he ceases to exist:

Saying, Albion! Our wars are wars of life, & wounds of love,

- 15 With intellectual spears, & long winged arrows of thought:
Mutual in one another's love and wrath all renewing
We live as One Man: for contracting our infinite senses
We behold multitude: or expanding, we behold as one.
As One Man all the Universal Family: and that One Man
20 We call Jesus the Christ: and he in us, and we in him,
Live in perfect harmony in Eden the land of life,
Giving, receiving, and forgiving each other's trespasses.
He is the Good shepherd, he is the Lord and master:
He is the Shepherd of Albion, he is all in all,
25 In Eden: in the garden of God: and in heavenly Jerusalem.
If we have offended, forgive us, take not vengeance against us.

Thus speaking, the Divine Family follow Albion:
I see them in the Vision of God upon my pleasant valleys.

I behold London; a Human awful wonder of God!

- 30 He says, Return, Albion, return! I give myself for thee:
My Streets are my Ideas of Imagination.
Awake Albion, awake! and let us awake up together.

My Houses are Thoughts; my Inhabitants, Affections,
The children of my thoughts, walking within my blood-vessels,
35 Shut from my nervous form which sleeps upon the verge of Beulah,
In dreams of darkness, while my vegetating blood, in veiny pipes,
Rolls dreadful thro' the Furnaces of Los, and the Mills of Satan.
For Albion's sake, and for Jerusalem thy Emanation
I give myself, and these my brethren give themselves for Albion.

40 So spoke London, immortal Guardian! I heard in Lambeth's shades:
In Felpham I heard and saw the Visions of Albion:
I write in South Molton Street, what I both see and hear,
In regions of Humanity, in London's opening streets.

I see thee, awful Parent Land, in light, behold I see!
45 Verulam! Canterbury! venerable parent of men,
Generous immortal Guardian golden clad! for Cities
Are Men, fathers of multitudes, and Rivers & Mountains
Are also Men; every thing is Human, mighty! sublime!
In every bosom a Universe expands, as wings
50 Let down at will around, and call'd the Universal Tent.
York, crown'd with loving kindness: Edinburgh, cloth'd
With fortitude as with a garment of immortal texture,
Woven in looms of Eden, in spiritual deaths of mighty men
Who give themselves, in Golgotha, Victims to Justice; where
55 There is in Albion a Gate of precious stones and gold,
Seen only by Emanations, by vegetations, viewless,
Bending across the road of Oxford Street; it from Hyde Park
To Tyburn's deathful shades, admits the wandering souls
59 Of multitudes who die from Earth: this Gate cannot be found

p. 39 BY Satan's Watch-fiends: tho' they search numbering every grain
Of sand on Earth every night, they never find this Gate.
It is the Gate of Los. Withoutside is the Mill, intricate, dreadful
And fill'd with cruel tortures: but no mortal man can find the Mill
5 Of Satan in his mortal pilgrimage of seventy years,
For Human beauty knows it not: nor can Mercy find it! But
In the Fourth region of Humanity, Urthona nam'd,
Mortality begins to roll the billows of Eternal Death
Before the Gate of Los: Urthona here is named Los,
10 And here begins the System of Moral Virtue, named Rahab.
Albion fled thro' the Gate of Los, and he stood in the Gate.

Los was the friend of Albion who most lov'd him. In Cambridgeshire

- His eternal station, he is the twenty-eighth, & is four-fold.
 Seeing Albion had turn'd his back against the Divine Vision,
 15 Los said to Albion. Whither fleest thou? Albion reply'd.
- I die! I go to Eternal Death! the shades of death
 Hover within me & beneath, and spreading themselves outside
 Like rocky clouds, build me a gloomy monument of woe:
 Will none accompany me in my death? or be a Ransom for me
 20 In that dark Valley? I have girded round my cloke, and on my feet
 Bound these black shoes of death, & on my hands, death's iron gloves.
 God hath forsaken me, & my friends are become a burden,
 A weariness to me, & the human footstep is a terror to me.
- Los answered, troubled, and his soul was rent in twain:
 25 Must the Wise die for an Atonement? does Mercy endure Atonement?
 No! It is Moral Severity, & destroys Mercy in its Victim.
 27 So speaking not yet infected with the Error & Illusion

- p. 40 LOS shudder'd at beholding Albion, for his disease
 Arose upon him pale and ghastly: and he call'd around
 The friends of Albion: trembling at the sight of Eternal Death
 The four appear'd with their Emanations in fiery
 5 Chariots: black their fires roll, beholding Albion's House of Eternity.
 Damp couch the flames beneath, and silent, sick, stand shuddering
 Before the Porch of sixteen pillars: weeping every one
 Descended and fell down upon their knees round Albion's knees,
 Swearing the Oath of God! with awful voice of thunders round
 10 Upon the hills & valleys, and the cloudy Oath roll'd far and wide.

- Albion is sick! said every Valley, every mournful Hill
 And every River: our brother Albion is sick to death.
 He hath leagued himself with robbers: he hath studied the arts
 Of unbelief: Envy hovers over him: his Friends are his abhorrence:
 15 Those who give their lives for him are despised:
 Those who devour his soul, are taken into his bosom:
 To destroy his Emanation is their intention.
 Arise! awake, O Friends of the Giant Albion!
 They have perswaded him of horrible falshoods:
 20 They have sown errors over all his fruitful fields!

The Twenty-four heard! they came trembling on wat'ry chariots,
 Borne by the Living Creatures of the third procession
 Of Human Majesty: the Living Creatures wept aloud as they
 Went along Albion's roads, till they arriv'd at Albion's House.

25 O! how the torments of Eternal Death waited on Man:
 And the loud-rending bars of the Creation ready to burst:
 That the wide world might fly from its hinges, & the immortal mansion
 Of Man for ever be possess'd by monsters of the deeps:
 And Man himself become a Fiend, wrap'd in an endless curse,
 30 Consuming and consum'd for-ever in flames of Moral Justice.

For had the Body of Albion fall'n down, and from its dreadful ruins
 Let loose the enormous Spectre on the darkness of the deep,
 At enmity with the Merciful & fill'd with devouring fire,
 A nether-world must have recieved the foul enormous spirit,
 35 Under pretence of Moral Virtue, fill'd with Revenge and Law.
 There to eternity chain'd down, and issuing in red flames
 And curses, with his mighty arms brandish'd against the heavens:
 Breathing cruelty blood & vengeance, gnashing his teeth with pain,
 Torn with black storms, & ceaseless torrents of his own consuming fire:
 40 Within his breast his mighty Sons chain'd down & fill'd with cursings:
 And his dark Eon, that once fair crystal form divinely clear,
 Within his ribs producing serpents whose souls are flames of fire.
 But, glory to the Merciful One, for he is of tender mercies!
 And the Divine Family wept over him as One Man.

45 And these the Twenty-four in whom the Divine Family
 Appear'd; and they were One in Him. A Human Vision!
 Human Divine, Jesus the Saviour, blessed for ever and ever.

Selsey, true friend! who afterwards submitted to be devour'd
 By the waves of Despair, whose Emanation rose above
 50 The flood, and was nam'd Chichester, lovely mild & gentle! Lo!
 Her lambs bleat to the sea-fowls' cry, lamenting still for Albion.

Submitting to be call'd the son of Los the terrible vision,
 Winchester stood devoting himself for Albion: his tents
 Outspread with abundant riches, and his Emanations
 55 Submitting to be call'd Enitharmon's daughters, and be born
 In vegetable mould: created by the Hammer and Loom
 In Bowlahoola & Allamanda where the Dead wail night & day.

(I call them by their English names; English, the rough basement.
 Los built the stubborn structure of the Language, acting against
 60 Albion's melancholy, who must else have been a Dumb despair.)

61 Gloucester and Exeter and Salisbury and Bristol; and benevolent Bath,

P. 41 BATH who is Legions; he is the Seventh, the physician and

- The poisoner; the best and worst in Heaven and Hell;
 Whose Spectre first assimilated with Luvah in Albion's mountains.
 A triple octave he took, to reduce Jerusalem to twelve,
 5 To cast Jerusalem forth upon the wilds to Poplar & Bow,
 To Malden & Canterbury in the delights of cruelty:
 The Shuttles of death sing in the sky to Islington & Pancrass,
 Round Marybone to Tyburn's River, weaving black melancholy as a net,
 And despair as meshes closely wove over the west of London,
 10 Where mild Jerusalem sought to repose in death & be no more.
 She fled to Lambeth's mild Vale and hid herself beneath
 The Surrey Hills where Rephaim terminates; her Sons are siez'd
 For victims of sacrifice; but Jerusalem cannot be found; Hid
 By the Daughters of Beulah, gently snatch'd away, and hid in Beulah.
- 15 There is a Green of Sand in Lambeth that Satan cannot find,
 Nor can his Watch Fiends find it; 'tis translucent & has many Angles,
 But he who finds it will find Oothoon's palace, for within,
 Opening into Beulah, every angle is a lovely heaven.
 But should the Watch Fiends find it, they would call it Sin,
 20 And lay its Heavens & their inhabitants in blood of punishment.
 Here Jerusalem & Vala were hid in soft slumberous repose,
 Hid from the terrible East, shut up in the South & West.
- The Twenty-eight trembled in Death's dark caves, in cold despair
 They kneel'd around the Couch of Death in deep humiliation
 25 And tortures of self condemnation while their Spectres rag'd within.
 The Four Zoas in terrible combustion clouded rage,
 Drinking the shuddering fears & loves of Albion's Families,
 Destroying by selfish affections the things that they most admire,
 Drinking & eating, & pitying & weeping, as at a tragic scene,
 30 The soul drinks murder & revenge, & applauds its own holiness.
- 31 They saw Albion endeavouring to destroy their Emanations.

p. 42 THUS Albion sat, studious of others in his pale disease;
 Brooding on evil; but when Los open'd the Furnaces before him,
 He saw that the accursed things were his own affections,
 And his own beloveds: then he turn'd sick: his soul died within him.
 5 Also Los sick & terrified beheld the Furnaces of Death,
 And must have died, but the Divine Saviour descended
 Among the infant loves & affections, and the Divine Vision wept
 Like evening dew on every herb upon the breathing ground.
 Albion spoke in his dismal dreams: O thou deceitful friend,

- 10 Worshipping mercy & beholding thy friend in such affliction:
Los! thou now discoverest thy turpitude to the heavens.
I demand righteousness & justice. O thou ingratitude!
Give me my Emanations back, food for my dying soul:
My daughters are harlots: my sons are accursed before me.
15 Enitharmon is my daughter: accursed with a father's curse:
O! I have utterly been wasted: I have given my daughters to devils.

So spoke Albion in gloomy majesty, and deepest night
Of Ulro roll'd round his skirts from Dover to Cornwall.

- Los answer'd. Righteousness & justice I give thee in return
20 For thy righteousness; but I add mercy also, and bind
Thee from destroying these little ones; am I to be only
Merciful to thee and cruel to all that thou hatest?
Thou wast the Image of God surrounded by the Four Zoas.
Three thou hast slain: I am the Fourth, thou canst not destroy me.
25 Thou art in Error; trouble me not with thy righteousness.
I have innocence to defend and ignorance to instruct:
I have no time for seeming, and little arts of compliment,
In morality and virtue: in self-glorying and pride.
There is a limit of Opakeness, and a limit of Contraction;
30 In every Individual Man, and the limit of Opakeness,
Is named Satan; and the limit of Contraction is named Adam.
But when Man sleeps in Beulah, the Saviour in Mercy takes
Contraction's Limit, and of the Limit he forms Woman; That
Himself may in process of time be born Man to redeem.
35 But there is no Limit of Expansion; there is no Limit of Translucence,
In the bosom of Man for ever from eternity to eternity.
Therefore I break thy bonds of righteousness; I crush thy messengers;
That they may not crush me and mine; do thou be righteous,
And I will return it; otherwise I defy thy worst revenge;
40 Consider me as thine enemy: on me turn all thy fury:
But destroy not these little ones, nor mock the Lord's anointed:
Destroy not, by Moral Virtue, the little ones whom he hath chosen;
The little ones whom he hath chosen in preference to thee.
He hath cast thee off for ever; the little ones he hath anointed!
45 Thy Selfhood is for ever accursed from the Divine presence.

So Los spoke: then turn'd his face & wept for Albion.

Albion replied. Go, Hand & Hyle! sieze the abhorred friend:
As you have siez'd the Twenty-four rebellious ingraturities:
To atone for you, for spiritual death; Man lives by deaths of Men.

50 Bring him to justice before heaven here upon London stone,
Between Blackheath & Hounslow, between Norwood & Finchley.
All that they have is mine: from my free gen'rous gift,
They now hold all they have; ingratitude to me,
To me their benefactor calls aloud for vengeance deep.

55 Los stood before his Furnaces awaiting the fury of the Dead;
And the Divine hand was upon him, strengthening him mightily.

The Spectres of the Dead cry out from the deeps beneath
Upon the hills of Albion; Oxford groans in his iron furnace,
Winchester in his den & cavern: they lament against
60 Albion; they curse their human kindness & affection,
They rage like wild beasts in the forests of affliction,
In the dreams of Ulro they repent of their human kindness.

Come up, build Babylon, Rahab is ours & all her multitudes
With her, in pomp and glory of victory. Depart,
65 Ye twenty-four, into the deeps; let us depart to glory!

Their Human majestic Forms sit up upon their Couches
Of death: they curb their Spectres as with iron curbs:
They enquire after Jerusalem in the regions of the dead,
With the voices of dead men, low, scarcely articulate,
70 And with tears cold on their cheeks they weary repose.

O when shall the morning of the grave appear, and when
Shall our salvation come? we sleep upon our watch,
We cannot awake; and our Spectres rage in the forests,
O God of Albion where art thou; pity the watchers!

75 Thus mourn they. Loud the Furnaces of Los thunder upon
The clouds of Europe & Asia, among the Serpent Temples.

And Los drew his Seven Furnaces around Albion's Altars:
And as Albion built his frozen Altars, Los built the Mundane Shell,
In the Four Regions of Humanity, East & West & North & South,
80 Till Norwood & Finchley & Blackheath & Hounslow, cover'd the whole Earth.
81 This is the Net & Veil of Vala, among the Souls of the Dead.

p. 43 THEY saw their Wheels rising up poisonous against Albion.
Urizen, cold & scientific; Luvah, pitying & weeping;
Tharmas, indolent & sullen; Urthona, doubting & despairing;
Victims to one another & dreadfully plotting against each other
5 To prevent Albion walking about in the Four Complexions.

They saw America clos'd out by the Oaks of the western shore:
And Tharmas dash'd on the Rocks of the Altars of Victims in Mexico.
If we are wrathful Albion will destroy Jerusalem with rooty Groves,
If we are merciful, ourselves must suffer destruction on his Oaks:
10 Why should we enter into our Spectres, to behold our own corruptions?
O God of Albion, descend! deliver Jerusalem from the Oaken Groves!

Then Los grew furious raging: Why stand we here trembling around
Calling on God for help; and not ourselves in whom God dwells
Stretching a hand to save the falling Man: are we not Four
15 Beholding Albion upon the Precipice ready to fall into Non-Entity:
Seeing these Heavens & Hells conglobing in the Void. Heavens over Hells
Brooding in holy hypocritic lust, drinking the cries of pain
From howling victims of Law: building Heavens Twenty-seven-fold.
Swell'd & bloated General Forms, repugnant to the Divine-
20 Humanity, who is the Only General and Universal Form,
To which all Lineaments tend & seek with love & sympathy,
All broad & general principles belong to benevolence,
Who protects minute particulars, every one in their own identity.
But here the affectionate touch of the tongue is clos'd in by deadly teeth,
25 And the soft smile of friendship & the open dawn of benevolence
Become a net & a trap, & every energy render'd cruel,
Till the existence of friendship & benevolence is denied:
The wine of the Spirit & the vineyards of the Holy-One
Here turn into poisonous stupor & deadly intoxication,
30 That they may be condemn'd by Law & the Lamb of God be slain.
And the two Sources of Life in Eternity, Hunting and War,
Are become the Sources of dark & bitter Death & of corroding Hell:
The open heart is shut up in integuments of frozen silence
That the spear that lights it forth may shatter the ribs & bosom.
35 A pretence of Art, to destroy Art, a pretence of Liberty
To destroy Liberty, a pretence of Religion to destroy Religion.
Oshea and Caleb fight: they contend in the valleys of (of) Peor,
In the terrible Family Contentions of those who love each other:
The Armies of Balaam weep—no women come to the field:
40 Dead corpses lay before them, & not as in Wars of old.
For the Soldier who fights for Truth, calls his enemy his brother:
They fight & contend for life, & not for eternal death!
But here the Soldier strikes, & a dead corpse falls at his feet,
Nor Daughter nor Sister nor Mother come forth to embosom the Slain!
45 But Death! Eternal Death! remains in the Valleys of Peor.
The English are scatter'd over the face of the Nations: are these

- Jerusalem's children? Hark! hear the Giants of Albion cry at night.
 We smell the blood of the English! we delight in their blood on our Altars:
 The living & the dead shall be ground in our rumbling Mills
- 50 For bread of the Sons of Albion: of the Giants Hand & Scofield.
 Scofeld & Kox are let loose upon my Saxons! they accumulate
 A World in which Man is by his Nature the Enemy of Man,
 In pride of Selfhood unwieldy stretching out into Non Entity,
 Generalizing Art & Science till Art & Science is lost.
- 55 Bristol & Bath, listen to my words, & ye Seventeen: give ear!
 It is easy to acknowledge a man to be great & good while we
 Derogate from him in the trifles & small articles of that goodness:
 Those alone are his friends, who admire his minutest powers.
 Instead of Albion's lovely mountains & the curtains of Jerusalem,
- 60 I see a Cave, a Rock, a Tree deadly and poisonous, unimaginative:
 Instead of the Mutual Forgivenesses, the Minute Particulars, I see
 Pits of bitumen ever burning, artificial Riches of the Canaanite
 Like Lakes of liquid lead, instead of heavenly Chapels, built
 By our dear Lord: I see Worlds crusted with snows & ice:
- 65 I see a Wicker Idol woven round Jerusalem's children. I see
 The Canaanite, the Amalekite, the Moabite, the Egyptian:
 By Demonstrations the cruel Sons of Quality & Negation,
 Driven on the Void in incoherent despair into Non Entity.
 I see America clos'd apart, & Jerusalem driven in terror
- 70 Away from Albion's mountains, far away from London's spires:
 I will not endure this thing: I alone withstand to death,
 This outrage! Ah me! how sick & pale you all stand round me!
 Ah me! pitiable ones! do you also go to death's vale?
 All you my Friends & Brothers, all you my beloved Companions:
- 75 Have you also caught the infection of Sin & stern Repentance?
 I see Disease arise upon you! yet speak to me and give
 Me some comfort! why do you all stand silent? I alone
 Remain in permanent strength. Or is all this goodness & pity, only
 That you may take the greater vengeance in your Sepulcher?
- 80 So Los spoke. Pale they stood around the House of Death:
 In the midst of temptations & despair: among the rooted Oaks:
- 82 Among reared Rocks of Albion's Sons: at length they rose

P. 44 WITH one accord in love sublime, & as on Cherubs' wings
 They Albion surround with kindest violence to bear him back
 Against his will thro' Los's Gate to Eden: Four-fold, loud,
 Their Wings waving over the bottomless Immense: to bear

- 5 Their awful charge back to his native home: but Albion, dark,
 Repugnant, roll'd his Wheels backward into Non-Entity.
 Loud roll the Starry Wheels of Albion into the World of Death:
 And all the Gate of Los, clouded with clouds redounding from
 Albion's dread Wheels, stretching out spaces immense between,
 10 That every little particle of light & air became Opaque,
 Black & immense, a Rock of difficulty & a Cliff
 Of black despair: that the immortal Wings labour'd against
 Cliff after Cliff, & over Valleys of despair & death:
 The narrow Sea between Albion & the Atlantic Continent,
 15 Its waves of pearl became a boundless Ocean bottomless,
 Of grey obscurity, fill'd with clouds & rocks & whirling waters,
 And Albion's Sons ascending & descending in the horrid Void.

- But as the Will must not be bended but in the day of Divine
 Power: silent calm & motionless, in the mid-air sublime,
 20 The Family Divine hover around the darkened Albion.

- Such is the nature of the Ulro: that whatever enters,
 Becomes Sexual, & is Created, and Vegetated, and Born.
 From Hyde Park spread their vegetating roots beneath Albion,
 In dreadful pain the Spectrous Uncircumcised Vegetation,
 25 Forming a Sexual Machine, an Aged Virgin Form,
 In Erin's Land toward the north, joint after joint, & burning
 In love & jealousy immingled & calling it Religion.
 And feeling the damps of death they with one accord delegated Los,
 Conjuring him by the Highest that he should watch over them
 30 Till Jesus shall appear: & they gave their power to Los
 Naming him the Spirit of Prophecy, calling him Elijah.

- Strucken with Albion's disease they become what they behold:
 They assimilate with Albion in pity & compassion:
 Their Emanations return not: their Spectres rage in the Deep.
 35 The Slumbers of Death came over them around the Couch of Death,
 Before the Gate of Los & in the depths of Non Entity,
 Among the Furnaces of Los: among the Oaks of Albion.

- Man is adjoin'd to Man by his Emanative portion,
 Who is Jerusalem in every individual Man: and her
 40 Shadow is Vala, builded by the Reasoning power in Man.
 O search & see; turn your eyes upward: open, O thou World
 Of Love & Harmony in Man: expand thy ever lovely Gates.

They wept into the deeps a little space: at length was heard

45 The voice of Bath, faint as the voice of the Dead in the House of Death,

P. 45 BATH, healing City! whose wisdom, in midst of Poetic
Fervor, mild spoke thro' the Western Porch, in soft gentle tears.

O Albion, mildest Son of Eden! clos'd is thy Western Gate.

Brothers of Eternity: this Man whose great example

5 We all admir'd & lov'd, whose all benevolent countenance, seen

In Eden, in lovely Jerusalem, drew even from envy

The tear: and the confession of honesty, open & undisguis'd,

From mistrust and suspicion. The Man is himself become

A piteous example of oblivion. To teach the Sons

10 Of Eden, that however great and glorious, however loving

And merciful the Individuality; however high

Our palaces and cities, and however fruitful are our fields

In Selfhood, we are nothing: but fade away in morning's breath.

Our mildness is nothing: the greatest mildness we can use

15 Is incapable and nothing: none but the Lamb of God can heal

This dread disease: none but Jesus: O Lord, descend and save.

Albion's Western Gate is clos'd: his death is coming apace:

Jesus alone can save him: for alas, we none can know

How soon his lot may be our own. When Africa in sleep

20 Rose in the night of Beulah, and bound down the Sun & Moon,

His friends cut his strong chains, & overwhelm'd his dark

Machines in fury & destruction, and the Man reviving repented.

He wept before his wrathful brethren, thankful & considerate

For their well timed wrath. But Albion's sleep is not

25 Like Africa's: and his machines are woven with his life.

Nothing but mercy can save him! nothing but mercy, interposing

Lest he should slay Jerusalem in his fearful jealousy.

O God, descend! gather our brethren, deliver Jerusalem!

But that we may omit no office of the friendly spirit,

30 Oxford, take thou these leaves of the Tree of Life: with eloquence,

That thy immortal tongue inspires, present them to Albion:

Perhaps he may recieve them, offer'd from thy loved hands.

So spoke, unheard by Albion, the merciful Son of Heaven

To those whose Western Gates were open, as they stood weeping

35 Around Albion: but Albion heard him not: obdurate, hard,

He frown'd on all his Friends, counting them enemies in his sorrow.

And the Seventeen conjoining with Bath, the Seventh,

In whom the other Ten shone manifest, a Divine Vision!

- 39 Assimilated and embrac'd Eternal Death for Albion's sake.
40 And these the names of the Eighteen combining with those Ten.

p. 46 BATH, mild Physician of Eternity, mysterious power
Whose springs are unsearchable & knowledge infinite.

Hereford, ancient Guardian of Wales, whose hands
Built the mountain palaces of Eden, stupendous works!

- 5 Lincoln, Durham & Carlisle, Councillors of Los,
And Ely, Scribe of Los, whose pen no other hand
Dare touch: Oxford, immortal Bard; with eloquence
Divine, he wept over Albion, speaking the words of God
In mild perswasion: bringing leaves of the Tree of Life.
- 10 Thou art in Error, Albion, the Land of Ulro:
One Error not remov'd, will destroy a human Soul.
Repose in Beulah's night, till the Error is remov'd:
Reason not on both sides. Repose upon our bosoms
Till the Plow of Jehovah, and the Harrow of Shaddai,
- 15 Have passed over the Dead, to awake the Dead to Judgment.
But Albion turn'd away refusing comfort.

Oxford trembled while he spoke, then fainted in the arms
Of Norwich, Peterboro, Rochester, Chester awful, Worcester,
Litchfield, Saint David's, Landaff, Asaph, Bangor, Sodor,

20 Bowing their heads devoted: and the Furnaces of Los
Began to rage, thundering loud the storms began to roar
Upon the Furnaces, and loud the Furnaces rebellow beneath.

And these the Four in whom the twenty-four appear'd four-fold:
Verulam, London, York, Edinburgh, mourning one towards another.

- 25 Alas!—The time will come, when a man's worst enemies
Shall be those of his own house and family: in a Religion
Of Generation, to destroy by Sin and Atonement happy Jerusalem,
- 28 The Bride and Wife of the Lamb. O God, thou art Not an Avenger!

p. 47 FROM Camberwell to Highgate where the mighty Thames shudders along,
Where Los's Furnaces stand, where Jerusalem & Vala howl:

Luvah tore forth from Albion's Loins, in fibrous veins, in rivers
Of blood over Europe: a Vegetating Root in grinding pain,

- 5 Animating the Dragon Temples soon to become that Holy Fiend
The Wicker Man of Scandinavia, in which cruelly consumed
The Captives rear'd to heaven howl in flames among the stars.
Loud the cries of War on the Rhine & Danube, with Albion's Sons.

Away from Beulah's hills & vales break forth the Souls of the Dead,
10 With cymbal, trumpet, clarion, & the scythed chariots of Britain.

And the Veil of Vala is composed of the Spectres of the Dead.

Hark! the mingling cries of Luvah with the Sons of Albion.
Hark! & Record the terrible wonder! that the Punisher
Mingles with his Victim's Spectre, enslaved & tormented
15 To him whom he has murder'd, bound in vengeance & enmity.
Shudder not, but Write, & the hand of God will assist you!
17 Therefore I write Albion's last words. Hope is banish'd from me.

p. 48 THESE were his last words, and the merciful Saviour in his arms
Reciev'd him, in the arms of tender mercy, and repos'd
The pale limbs of his Eternal Individuality
Upon the Rock of Ages. Then, surrounded with a Cloud,
5 In silence the Divine Lord builded, with immortal labour,
Of gold & jewels a sublime Ornament, a Couch of repose,
With Sixteen pillars: canopied with emblems & written verse,
Spiritual Verse, order'd & measur'd, from whence time shall reveal
The Five books of the Decalogue, the books of Joshua & Judges,
10 Samuel, a double book, & Kings, a double book, the Psalms & Prophets,
The Four-fold Gospel, and the Revelations everlasting.
Eternity groan'd & was troubled, at the image of Eternal Death!

Beneath the bottoms of the Graves, which is Earth's central joint,
There is a place where Contrarieties are equally true:
15 (To protect from the Giant blows in the sports of intellect,
Thunder in the midst of kindness, & love that kills its beloved:
Because Death is for a period, and they renew tenfold,)
From this sweet Place Maternal Love awoke Jerusalem:
With pangs she forsook Beulah's pleasant lovely shadowy Universe
20 Where no dispute can come: created for those who Sleep.

Weeping was in all Beulah, and all the Daughters of Beulah
Wept for their Sister the Daughter of Albion, Jerusalem:
When out of Beulah the Emanation of the Sleeper descended,
With solemn mourning out of Beulah's moony shades and hills,
25 Within the Human Heart, whose Gates closed with solemn sound.

And this the manner of the terrible Separation.
The Emanations of the grievously afflicted Friends of Albion
Concenter in one Female form, an Aged pensive Woman.
Astonish'd, lovely, embracing the sublime shade, the Daughters of Beulah

- 30 Beheld her with wonder! With awful hands she took
 A Moment of Time, drawing it out with many tears & afflictions
 And many sorrows: oblique across the Atlantic Vale,
 Which is the Vale of Rephaim dreadful from East to West,
 Where the Human Harvest waves abundant in the beams of Eden:
 35 Into a Rainbow of jewels and gold, a mild Reflection from
 Albion's dread Tomb. Eight thousand and five hundred years
 In its extension. Every two hundred years has a door to Eden.
 She also took an Atom of Space, with dire pain opening it a Center
 Into Beulah: trembling the Daughters of Beulah dried
 40 Her tears, she ardent embrac'd her sorrows, occupied in labours
 Of sublime mercy in Rephaim's Vale. Perusing Albion's Tomb
 She sat: she walk'd among the ornaments solemn mourning.
 The Daughters attended her shudderings, wiping the death sweat.
 Los also saw her in his seventh Furnace, he also terrified
 45 Saw the finger of God go forth upon his seventh Furnace,
 Away from the Starry Wheels to prepare Jerusalem a place.
 When with a dreadful groan the Emanation mild of Albion
 Burst from his bosom in the Tomb like a pale snowy cloud,
 Female and lovely, struggling to put off the Human form,
 50 Writhing in pain. The Daughters of Beulah in kind arms reciev'd
 Jerusalem: weeping over her among the Spaces of Erin,
 In the Ends of Beulah, where the Dead wail night & day.

And thus Erin spoke to the Daughters of Beulah, in soft tears.

- Albion the Vortex of the Dead! Albion the Generous!
 55 Albion the mildest son of Heaven! The Place of Holy Sacrifice!
 Where Friends Die for each other: will become the Place
 Of Murder, & Unforgiving, Never-awaking Sacrifice of Enemies.
 The Children must be sacrific'd! (a horror never known
 Till now in Beulah,) unless a Refuge can be found
 60 To hide them from the wrath of Albion's Law that freezes sore
 Upon his Sons & Daughters, self-exiled from his bosom.
 Draw ye Jerusalem away from Albion's Mountains
 To give a Place for Redemption, let Sihon and Og
 64 Remove Eastward to Bashan and Gilead, and leave

- p. 49 THE secret coverts of Albion & the hidden places of America.
 Jerusalem! Jerusalem! why wilt thou turn away?
 Come ye O Daughters of Beulah, lament for Og & Sihon,
 Upon the Lakes of Ireland from Rathlen to Baltimore:
 5 Stand ye upon the Dargle from Wicklow to Drogheda,

- Come & mourn over Albion the White Cliff of the Atlantic,
 The Mountain of Giants: all the Giants of Albion are become
 Weak, wither'd, darken'd: & Jerusalem is cast forth from Albion.
 They deny that they ever knew Jerusalem, or ever dwelt in Shiloh.
- 10 The Gigantic roots & twigs of the vegetating Sons of Albion
 Fill'd with the little-ones are consumed in the Fires of their Altars.
 The vegetating Cities are burned & consumed from the Earth.
 And the Bodies in which all Animals & Vegetations, the Earth & Heaven,
 Were contain'd in All Glorious Imagination are wither'd & darken'd:
- 15 The golden Gate of Havilah, and all the Garden of God,
 Was caught up with the Sun in one day of fury and war:
 The Lungs, the Heart, the Liver, shrunk away far distant from Man
 And left a little slimy substance floating upon the tides.
 In one night the Atlantic Continent was caught up with the Moon,
- 20 And became an Opake Globe far distant clad with moony beams.
 The Visions of Eternity, by reason of narrowed perceptions,
 Are become weak Visions of Time & Space, fix'd into furrows of death:
 Till deep dissimulation is the only defence an honest man has left.
 O Polypus of Death, O Spectre over Europe and Asia,
- 25 Withering the Human Form by Laws of Sacrifice for Sin,
 By Laws of Chastity & Abhorrence I am wither'd up,
 Striving to Create a Heaven in which all shall be pure & holy
 In their Own Selfhoods, in Natural Selfish Chastity: to banish Pity
 And dear Mutual Forgiveness: & to become One Great Satan
- 30 Inslav'd to the most powerful Selfhood: to murder the Divine Humanity
 In whose sight all are as the dust & who chargeth his Angels with folly!
 Ah! weak & wide astray! Ah shut in narrow doleful form!
 Creeping in reptile flesh upon the bosom of the ground!
 The Eye of Man, a little narrow orb, clos'd up & dark,
- 35 Scarcely beholding the Great Light, conversing with the ground:
 The Ear, a little shell, in small volutions shutting out
 True Harmonies, & comprehending great, as very small:
 The Nostrils, bent down to the earth & clos'd with senseless flesh,
 That odours cannot them expand, nor joy on them exult:
- 40 The Tongue, a little moisture fills, a little food it cloy,
 A little sound it utters, & its cries are faintly heard.
 Therefore they are removed: therefore they have taken root
 In Egypt & Philistea: in Moab & Edom & Aram:
 In the Erythrean Sea their Uncircumcision in Heart & Loins
- 45 Be lost for ever & ever, then they shall arise from Self
 By Self Annihilation into Jerusalem's Courts & into Shiloh,
 Shiloh, the Masculine Emanation among the flowers of Beulah.

- Lo, Shiloh dwells over France, as Jerusalem dwells over Albion.
 Build & prepare a Wall & Curtain for America's shore!
- 50 Rush on! Rush on! Rush on! ye vegetating Sons of Albion!
 The Sun shall go before you in Day: the Moon shall go
 Before you in Night. Come on! Come on! Come on! The Lord
 Jehovah is before, behind, above, beneath, around.
 He has builded the arches of Albion's Tomb, binding the Stars
- 55 In merciful Order, bending the Laws of Cruelty to Peace.
 He hath placed Og & Anak, the Giants of Albion, for their Guards:
 Building the Body of Moses in the Valley of Peor: the Body
 Of Divine Analogy: and Og & Sihon in the tears of Balaam,
 The Son of Beor, have given their power to Joshua & Caleb.
- 60 Remove from Albion, far remove these terrible surfaces.
 They are beginning to form Heavens & Hells in immense
 Circles: the Hells for food to the Heavens: food of torment,
 Food of despair: they drink the condemn'd Soul & rejoice
 In cruel holiness, in their Heavens of Chastity & Uncircumcision.
- 65 Yet they are blameless & Iniquity must be imputed only
 To the State they are enter'd into that they may be deliver'd:
 Satan is the State of Death, & not a Human existence:
 But Luvah is named Satan, because he has enter'd that State.
 A World where Man is by Nature the Enemy of Man,
- 70 Because the Evil is Created into a State, that Men
 May be deliver'd time after time, evermore. Amen.
 Learn therefore, O Sisters, to distinguish the Eternal Human
 That walks about among the stones of fire, in bliss & woe
 Alternate, from those States or Worlds in which the Spirit travels:
- 75 This is the only means to Forgiveness of Enemies.
 Therefore remove from Albion these terrible Surfaces
- 77 And let wild seas & rocks close up Jerusalem away from

- p. 50 THE Atlantic Mountains where Giants dwelt in Intellect:
 Now given to stony Druids, and Allegoric Generation,
 To the Twelve Gods of Asia, the Spectres of those who Sleep:
 Sway'd by a Providence oppos'd to the Divine Lord Jesus:
- 5 A murderous Providence! A Creation that groans, living on Death,
 Where Fish & Bird & Beast & Man & Tree & Metal & Stone
 Live by Devouring, going into Eternal Death continually!
 Albion is now possess'd by the War of Blood! the Sacrifice
 Of envy Albion is become, and his Emanation cast out:
- 10 Come Lord Jesus, Lamb of God descend! for if, O Lord!
 If thou hadst been here, our brother Albion had not died.

- Arise sisters! Go ye & meet the Lord, while I remain.
Behold the foggy mornings of the Dead on Albion's cliffs:
Ye know that if the Emanation remains in them
- 15 She will become an Eternal Death, an Avenger of Sin,
A Self-righteousness: the proud Virgin-Harlot! Mother of War!
And we also, & all Beulah, consume beneath Albion's curse.
- So Erin spoke to the Daughters of Beulah. Shuddering
With their wings they sat in the Furnace, in a night
- 20 Of stars, for all the Sons of Albion appear'd distant stars,
Ascending and descending into Albion's sea of death.
And Erin's lovely Bow enclos'd the Wheels of Albion's Sons.
- Expanding on wing, the Daughters of Beulah replied in sweet response.
- Come, O thou Lamb of God, and take away the remembrance of Sin.
- 25 To Sin & to hide the Sin in sweet deceit, is lovely!
To Sin in the open face of day is cruel & pitiless! But
To record the Sin for a reproach: to let the Sun go down
In a remembrance of the Sin; is a Woe & a Horror,
A brooder of an Evil Day, and a Sun rising in blood!
- 30 Come then, O Lamb of God, and take away the remembrance of Sin.

END OF CHAPTER II.

*Rahab is an
Eternal State.*

TO THE DEISTS.

*{The Spiritual States of
the Soul are all Eternal:
Distinguish between the
Man, & his present State.*

HE never can be a Friend to the Human Race who is the Preacher of Natural Morality or Natural Religion, he is a flatterer who means to betray, to perpetuate Tyrant Pride & the Laws of that Babylon which he foresees shall shortly be destroyed, with the Spiritual and not the Natural Sword: He
5 is in the State named Rahab: which State must be put off before he can be the Friend of Man.

You, O Deists, profess yourselves the Enemies of Christianity: and you are so: you are also the Enemies of the Human Race & of Universal Nature. Man is born a Spectre or Satan, & is altogether an Evil,
10 & requires a New Selfhood continually, & must continually be changed into his direct Contrary. But your Greek Philosophy (which is a remnant of Druidism) teaches that Man is Righteous in his Vegetated Spectre: an Opinion of fatal & accursed consequence to Man, as the Ancients saw plainly by Revelation, to the intire abrogation of Experimental Theory,
15 and many believed what they saw, and Prophecied of Jesus.

Man must & will have Some Religion: if he has not the Religion of Jesus, he will have the Religion of Satan, & will erect the Synagogue of Satan, calling the Prince of this World, God: and destroying all who do not worship Satan under the Name of God. Will any one say, Where are those
20 who worship Satan under the Name of God? Where are they? Listen! Every Religion that Preaches Vengeance for Sin is the Religion of the Enemy & Avenger: and not of the Forgiver of Sin: and their God is Satan, Named by the Divine Name. Your Religion, O Deists! Deism, is the Worship of the God of this World by the means of what you call
25 Natural Religion and Natural Philosophy, and of Natural Morality or Self-Righteousness, the Selfish Virtues of the Natural Heart. This was the Religion of the Pharisees who murder'd Jesus. Deism is the same & ends in the same.

Voltaire, Rousseau, Gibbon, Hume, charge the Spiritually Religious with
30 Hypocrisy! but how a Monk, or a Methodist either, can be a Hypocrite, I cannot conceive. We are Men of like passions with others & pretend not to be holier than others: therefore, when a Religious Man falls into Sin, he ought not to be call'd a Hypocrite; this title is more properly to be given to a Player who falls into Sin; whose profession is Virtue & Morality & the making Men Self-Righteous. Foote in calling Whitefield, Hypocrite, was
35 himself one: for Whitefield pretended not to be holier than others: but confessed his Sins before all the World. Voltaire! Rousseau! You cannot

escape my charge that you are Pharisees & Hypocrites, for you are constantly talking of the Virtues of the Human Heart, and particularly of
40 your own, that you may accuse others & especially the Religious, whose errors you, by this display of pretended Virtue, chiefly design to expose. Rousseau thought Men Good by Nature: he found them Evil & found no friend. Friendship cannot exist without forgiveness of sins continually. The Book written by Rousseau call'd his Confessions is an apology & cloke for his
45 sin & not a confession.

But you also charge the poor Monks & Religious with being the causes of War; while you acquit & flatter the Alexanders & Caesars, the Lewis's & Fredericks, who alone are its causes & its actors. But the Religion of Jesus, Forgiveness of Sin, can never be the cause of a War nor of a single
50 Martyrdom.

Those who Martyr others or who cause War are Deists, but never can be Forgivers of Sin. The Glory of Christianity is, To Conquer by Forgiveness. All the Destruction, therefore, in Christian Europe has arisen from Deism,
54 which is Natural Religion.

55 I saw a Monk of Charlemaine
Arise before my sight:
I talk'd with the Grey Monk as we stood
In beams of infernal light.

Gibbon arose with a lash of steel,
60 And Voltaire with a wracking wheel:
The Schools in clouds of learning roll'd
Arose with War in iron & gold.

Thou lazy Monk, they sound afar,
In vain condemning glorious War,
65 And in your Cell you shall ever dwell:
Rise, War, & bind him in his Cell.

The blood red ran from the Grey Monk's side,
His hands & feet were wounded wide,
His body bent, his arms & knees
70 Like to the roots of ancient trees.

When Satan first the black bow bent
And the Moral Law from the Gospel rent,
He forg'd the Law into a Sword
And spill'd the blood of mercy's Lord.

75 Titus! Constantine! Charlemaine!
O Voltaire! Rousseau! Gibbon! Vain
Your Grecian Mocks & Roman Sword
Against this image of his Lord!

For a Tear is an Intellectual thing:
80 And a Sigh is the Sword of an Angel King:
And the bitter groan of a Martyr's woe
82 Is an Arrow from the Almighty's Bow.

- B**UT Los, who is the Vehicular Form of strong Urthona,
 Wept vehemently over Albion where Thames' currents spring
 From the rivers of Beulah; pleasant river! soft, mild, parent stream.
 And the roots of Albion's Tree enter'd the Soul of Los
- 5 As he sat before his Furnaces clothed in sackcloth of hair,
 In gnawing pain dividing him from his Emanation:
 Inclosing all the Children of Los time after time,
 Their Giant forms condensing into Nations & Peoples & Tongues.
 Translucent the Furnaces of Beryll & Emerald immortal:
- 10 And Seven-fold each within other: incomprehensible
 To the Vegetated Mortal Eye's perverted & single vision.
 The Bellows are the Animal Lungs, the Hammers, the Animal Heart
 The Furnaces, the Stomach for Digestion; terrible their fury
 Like seven burning heavens rang'd from South to North.
- 15 Here, on the banks of the Thames, Los builded Golgonooza,
 Outside of the Gates of the Human Heart beneath Beulah
 In the midst of the rocks of the Altars of Albion. In fears
 He builded it, in rage & in fury. It is the Spiritual Fourfold
 London: continually building & continually decaying desolate!
- 20 In eternal labours: loud the Furnaces & loud the Anvils
 Of Death thunder incessant around the flaming Couches of
 The Twenty-four Friends of Albion, and round the awful Four,
 For the protection of the Twelve Emanations of Albion's Sons,
 The Mystic Union of the Emanation in the Lord; Because
- 25 Man divided from his Emanation is a dark Spectre,
 His Emanation is an ever-weeping melancholy Shadow:
 But she is made receptive of Generation thro' mercy
 In the Potters Furnace, among the Funeral Urns of Beulah,
- 29 From Surrey hills, thro' Italy and Greece, to Hinnom's vale.

- P. 54 IN Great Eternity, every particular Form gives forth or Emanates
 Its own peculiar Light, & the Form is the Divine Vision,
 And the Light is his Garment. This is Jerusalem in every Man,
 A Tent & Tabernacle of Mutual Forgiveness, Male & Female Clothings.
- 5 And Jerusalem is called Liberty among the Children of Albion.

But Albion fell down, a Rocky fragment from Eternity hurl'd
 By his own Spectre, who is the Reasoning Power in every Man,
 Into his own Chaos which is the Memory between Man & Man.

- The silent broodings of deadly revenge, springing from the
- 10 All powerful parental affection, fills Albion from head to foot:
 Seeing his sons assimilate with Luvah, bound in the bonds
 Of Spiritual Hate, from which springs Sexual Love as iron chains,
 He tosses like a cloud outstretch'd among Jerusalem's Ruins
 Which overspread all the Earth, he groans among his ruin'd porches.
- 15 But the Spectre like a hoar frost & a Mildew rose over Albion,
 Saying, I am God, O Sons of Men! I am your Rational Power!
 Am I not Bacon & Newton & Locke who teach Humility to Man?
 Who teach Doubt & Experiment: & my two Wings Voltaire, Rousseau.
 Where is that Friend of Sinners? that Rebel against my Laws?
- 20 Who teaches Belief to the Nations, & an unknown Eternal Life.
 Come hither into the Desert & turn these stones to bread.
 Vain foolish Man! wilt thou believe without Experiment?
 And build a World of Phantasy upon my Great Abyss?
 A World of Shapes in craving lust & devouring appetite.
- 25 So spoke the hard cold constructive Spectre: he is named Arthur:
 Constructing into Druid Rocks round Canaan, Agag & Aram & Pharaoh.

- Then Albion drew England into his bosom in groans & tears,
 But she stretch'd out her starry Night in Spaces against him like
 A long Serpent, in the Abyss of the Spectre which augmented
- 30 The Night with Dragon wings, cover'd with stars, & in the Wings
 Jerusalem & Vala appear'd: & above, between the Wings, magnificent,
- 32 The Divine Vision dimly appear'd in clouds of blood weeping.

- p. 55 WHEN those who disregard all Mortal Things, saw a Mighty-One
 Among the Flowers of Beulah still retain his awful strength,
 They wonder'd, checking their wild flames, & Many gathering
 Together into an Assembly, they said, let us go down
- 5 And see these changes; Others said, If you do so, prepare
 For being driven from our fields: what have we to do with the Dead?
 To be their inferiors or superiors we equally abhor:
 Superior, none we know: inferior, none: all equal share
 Divine Benevolence & Joy, for the Eternal Man
- 10 Walketh among us, calling us his Brothers & his Friends:
 Forbidding us that Veil which Satan puts between Eve & Adam,
 By which the Princes of the Dead enslave their Votaries,
 Teaching them to form the Serpent of precious stones & gold,
 To sieze the Sons of Jerusalem & plant them in One Man's Loins:

15 To make One Family of Contraries: that Joseph may be sold
Into Egypt; for Negation: a Veil the Saviour born & dying rends.

But others said: Let us to him who only Is, & who
Walketh among us, give decision: bring forth all your fires!

So saying, an eternal deed was done: in fiery flames

20 The Universal Concave raged, such thunderous sounds as never
Were sounded from a mortal cloud, nor on Mount Sinai old,
Nor in Havilah where the Cherub roll'd his redounding flame.

Loud! loud! the Mountains lifted up their voices, loud the Forests,
Rivers thunder'd against their banks, loud Winds furious fought:

25 Cities & Nations contended in fires & clouds & tempests,
The Seas rais'd up their voices & lifted their hands on high,
The Stars in their courses fought, the Sun, Moon, Heaven, Earth,
Contending for Albion & for Jerusalem his Emanation,
And for Shiloh, the Emanation of France, & for lovely Vala.

30 Then far the greatest number were about to make a Separation,
And they Elect'd Seven, call'd the Seven Eyes of God,
Lucifer, Molech, Elohim, Shaddai, Pahad, Jehovah, Jesus.
They nam'd the Eighth, he came not, he hid in Albion's Forests.
But first they said: (& their Words stood in Chariots in array,

35 Curbing their Tygers with golden bits & bridles of silver & ivory)

Let the Human Organs be kept in their perfect Integrity,
At will Contracting into Worms, or Expanding into Gods,
And then, behold! what are these Ulro Visions of Chastity?
Then as the moss upon the tree: or dust upon the plow:

40 Or as the sweat upon the labouring shoulder: or as the chaff
Of the wheat-floor or as the dregs of the sweet wine-press:
Such are these Ulro Visions, for tho' we sit down within
The plowed furrow, list'ning to the weeping clods, till we
Contract or Expand Space at will: or if we raise ourselves

45 Upon the chariots of the morning, Contracting or Expanding Time:
Every one knows, we are One Family: One Man blessed for ever.

Silence remain'd & every one resum'd his Human Majesty,
And many conversed on these things as they labour'd at the furrow,
Saying: It is better to prevent misery, than to release from misery:

50 It is better to prevent error, than to forgive the criminal:
Labour well the Minute Particulars, attend to the Little-ones:
And those who are in misery cannot remain so long,
If we do but our duty: labour well the teeming Earth.

They Plow'd in tears, the trumpets sounded before the golden Plow,
 55 And the voices of the Living Creatures were heard in the clouds of heaven,
 Crying: Compell the Reasoner to Demonstrate with unhewn Demonstrations,
 Let the Indefinite be explored, and let every Man be Judged
 By his own Works. Let all Indefinites be thrown into Demonstrations
 To be pounded to dust & melted in the Furnaces of Affliction:
 60 He who would do good to another, must do it in Minute Particulars,
 General Good is the plea of the scoundrel, hypocrite & flatterer:
 For Art & Science cannot exist but in minutely organized Particulars,
 And not in generalizing Demonstrations of the Rational Power.
 The Infinite alone resides in Definite & Determinate Identity,
 65 Establishment of Truth depends on destruction of Falshood continually,
 On Circumcision: not on Virginity, O Reasoners of Albion!

So cried they at the Plow. Albion's Rock frowned above,
 And the Great Voice of Eternity rolled above terrible in clouds,
 69 Saying, Who will go forth for us: & Who shall we send before our face?

p. 56 THEN Los heaved his thund'ring Bellows on the Valley of Middlesex
 And thus he chaunted his Song: the Daughters of Albion reply.

What may Man be? who can tell! But what may Woman be?
 To have power over Man from Cradle to corruptible Grave.
 5 He who is an Infant, and whose Cradle is a Manger,
 Knoweth the Infant sorrow: whence it came, and where it goeth:
 And who weave it a Cradle of the grass that withereth away.
 This World is all a Cradle for the erred wandering Phantom,
 Rock'd by Year, Month, Day & Hour; and every two Moments
 10 Between, dwells a Daughter of Beulah, to feed the Human Vegetable.
 Entune, Daughters of Albion, your hymning Chorus mildly:
 Cord of affection thrilling extatic on the iron Reel:
 To the golden Loom of Love! to the moth-labour'd Woof!
 A Garment and Cradle weaving for the infantine Terror:
 15 For fear, at entering the gate into our World of cruel
 Lamentation, it flee back and hide in Non-Entity's dark wild,
 Where dwells the Spectre of Albion: destroyer of Definite Form.
 The Sun shall be a Scythed Chariot of Britain: the Moon, a Ship
 In the British Ocean! Created by Los's Hammer: measured out
 20 Into Days & Nights & Years & Months, to travel with my feet
 Over these desolate rocks of Albion: O daughters of despair!
 Rock the Cradle, and in mild melodies tell me where [you] found
 What you have enwoven with so much tears & care! so much

Tender artifice! to laugh, to weep, to learn, to know:
25 Remember! recollect! what dark befel in wintry days.

O it was lost for ever! and we found it not: it came
And wept at our wintry Door: Look! look! behold! Gwendolen
Is become a Clod of Clay! Merlin is a Worm of the Valley!

Then Los uttered with Hammer & Anvil: Chaunt! revoice!
30 I mind not your laugh: and your frown I not fear: and
You must my dictate obey from your gold-beam'd Looms: trill
Gentle to Albion's Watchman, on Albion's mountains: reeccho,
And rock the Cradle while! Ah me! of that Eternal Man,
And of the cradle'd Infancy in his bowels of compassion,
35 Who fell beneath his instruments of husbandry & became
Subservient to the clods of the furrow: the cattle and even
The emmet and earth-worm are his superiors & his lords.

Then the response came warbling from trilling Looms in Albion.
We Women tremble at the light therefore: hiding fearful,
40 The Divine Vision with Curtain & Veil & fleshly Tabernacle.
Los utter'd, swift as the rattling thunder upon the mountains:
Look back into the Church Paul! Look! Three Women around
43 The Cross! O Albion why didst thou a Female Will Create?

p. 57 AND the voices of Bath & Canterbury & York & Edinburgh, Cry
Over the Plow of Nations in the strong hand of Albion, thundering along
Among the Fires of the Druid & the deep black rethundering Waters
Of the Atlantic which poured in impetuous loud, loud, louder & louder.
5 And the Great Voice of the Atlantic howled over the Druid Altars:
Weeping over his Children in Stone-henge, in Malden & Colchester,
Round the Rocky Peak of Derbyshire, London Stone & Rosamond's Bower.

What is a Wife & what is a Harlot? What is a Church? & What
Is a Theatre? are they Two & not One? can they Exist Separate?
10 Are not Religion & Politics the Same Thing? Brotherhood is Religion,
O Demonstrations of Reason, Dividing Families in Cruelty & Pride!

But Albion fled from the Divine Vision with the Plow of Nations enflaming,
The Living Creatures madden'd and Albion fell into the Furrow, and
The Plow went over him & the Living was Plowed in among the Dead:
15 But his Spectre rose over the starry Plow. Albion fled beneath the Plow
Till he came to the Rock of Ages, & he took his Seat upon the Rock.

Wonder siez'd all in Eternity: to behold the Divine Vision open
18 The Center into an Expanse, & the Center rolled out into an Expanse.

- p. 58 IN beauty the Daughters of Albion divide & unite at will:
Naked & drunk with blood Gwendolen dancing to the timbrel
Of War: reeling up the Street of London she divides in twain,
Among the Inhabitants of Albion: the People fall around
5 The Daughters of Albion, divide & unite in jealousy & cruelty.
The Inhabitants of Albion at the Harvest & the Vintage
Feel their Brain cut round beneath the temples shrieking,
Bonifying into a Scull, the Marrow exuding in dismal path.
They flee over the rocks bonifying: Horses, Oxen, feel the knife.
10 And while the Sons of Albion, by severe War & Judgment, bonify,
The Hermaphroditic Condensations are divided by the Knife,
The obdurate Forms are cut asunder by Jealousy & Pity.

- Rational Philosophy and Mathematic Demonstration
Is divided in the intoxications of pleasure & affection:
15 Two Contraries War against each other in fury & blood,
And Los fixes them on his Anvil, incessant his blows:
He fixes them with strong blows, placing the stones & timbers
To Create a World of Generation from the World of Death:
Dividing the Masculine & Feminine: for the comingling
20 Of Albion's & Luvah's Spectres was Hermaphroditic.

- Urizen wrathful strode above directing the awful Building,
As a Mighty Temple: delivering Form out of confusion.
Jordan sprang beneath its threshold bubbling from beneath
Its pillars: Euphrates ran under its arches: white sails
25 And silver oars reflect on its pillars, & sound on its echoing
Pavements: where walk the Sons of Jerusalem who remain Ungenerate.
But the revolving Sun and Moon pass thro its porticoes.
Day & night, in sublime majesty & silence they revolve
And shine glorious within: Hand & Koban arch'd over the Sun
30 In the hot noon, as he travel'd thro his journey: Hyle & Skofield
Arch'd over the Moon at midnight, & Los fix'd them there,
With his thunderous Hammer: terrified the Spectres rage & flee.
Canaan is his portico: Jordan is a fountain in his porch,
A fountain of milk & wine to relieve the traveller:
35 Egypt is the eight steps within, Ethiopia supports his pillars:
Lybia & the Lands unknown are the ascent without:
Within is Asia & Greece, ornamented with exquisite art:
Persia & Media are his halls: his inmost hall is Great Tartary:
China & India & Siberia are his temples for entertainment:
40 Poland & Russia & Sweden, his soft retired chambers:
France & Spain & Italy & Denmark & Holland & Germany

Are the temples among his pillars, Britain is Los's Forge:
America North & South are his baths of living waters.

- Such is the Ancient World of Urizen in the Satanic Void,
45 Created from the Valley of Middlesex by London's River.
From Stone-henge and from London Stone, from Cornwall to Cathnes,
The Four Zoas rush around on all sides in dire ruin.
Furious in pride of Selfhood the terrible Spectres of Albion
Rear their dark Rocks among the Stars of God: stupendous
50 Works! A World of Generation continually Creating, out of
51 The Hermaphroditic Satanic World of rocky destiny,

p. 59 AND formed into Four precious stones, for entrance from Beulah.

- For the Veil of Vala, which Albion cast into the Atlantic Deep
To catch the Souls of the Dead, began to Vegetate & Petrify
Around the Earth of Albion, among the Roots of his Tree.
5 This Los formed into the Gates & mighty Wall, between the Oak
Of Weeping & the Palm of Suffering, beneath Albion's Tomb.
Thus in process of time it became the beautiful Mundane Shell,
The Habitation of the Spectres of the Dead & the Place
Of Redemption & of awaking again into Eternity.
10 For Four Universes round the Mundane Egg remain Chaotic:
One to the North, Urthona: One to the South, Urizen:
One to the East, Luvah: One to the West, Tharmas:
They are the Four Zoas that stood around the Throne Divine:
Verulam, London, York & Edinburgh, their English names.
15 But when Luvah assumed the World of Urizen, Southward,
And Albion was slain upon his Mountains & in his Tent,
All fell towards the Centre, sinking downwards in dire ruin.
In the South remains a burning Fire: in the East, a Void:
In the West, a World of raging Waters: in the North, solid Darkness
20 Unfathomable without end; but in the midst of these
Is Built eternally the sublime Universe of Los & Enitharmon.

- And in the North Gate, in the West of the North, toward Beulah,
Cathedron's Looms are builded, and Los's Furnaces in the South.
A wondrous golden Building, immense with ornaments sublime
25 Is bright Cathedron's golden Hall, its Courts, Towers & Pinnacles.

And one Daughter of Los sat at the fiery Reel & another
Sat at the shining Loom with her Sisters attending round:
Terrible their distress & their sorrow cannot be utter'd.

And another Daughter of Los sat at the Spinning Wheel:
 30 Endless their labour, with bitter food, void of sleep,
 Tho' hungry they labour: they rouse themselves anxious
 Hour after hour labouring at the whirling Wheel,
 Many Wheels, & as many lovely Daughters sit weeping.
 Yet the intoxicating delight that they take in their work
 35 Obliterates every other evil: none pities their tears,
 Yet they regard not pity & they expect no one to pity,
 For they labour for life & love, regardless of any one
 But the poor Spectres that they work for: always incessantly
 They are mock'd by every one that passes by: they regard not,
 40 They labour: & when their Wheels are broken by scorn & malice
 They mend them sorrowing with many tears & afflictions.

Other Daughters Weave on the Cushion & Pillow Network fine,
 That Rahab & Tirzah may exist & live & breathe & love:
 Ah, that it could be as the Daughters of Beulah wish!

45 Other Daughters of Los, labouring at Looms less fine,
 Create the Silk-worm & the Spider & the Catterpillar
 To assist in their most grievous work of pity & compassion:
 And others Create the wooly Lamb & the downy Fowl
 To assist in the work: the Lamb bleats: the Sea-fowl cries:
 50 Men understand not the distress & the labour & sorrow
 That in the Interior Worlds is carried on in fear & trembling,
 Weaving the shudd'ring fears & loves of Albion's Families.
 Thunderous rage the Spindles of iron, & the iron Distaff
 Maddens in the fury of their hands, weaving in bitter tears
 55 The Veil of Goats-hair & Purple & Scarlet & fine twined Linen.

p. 60 THE clouds of Albion's Druid Temples rage in the eastern heaven,
 While Los sat terrified beholding Albion's Spectre, who is Luvah,
 Spreading in bloody veins in torments over Europe & Asia:
 Not yet formed, but a wretched torment unformed & abyssal

5 In flaming fire: within the Furnaces the Divine Vision appear'd
 On Albion's hills; [and] often walking from the Furnaces, in clouds
 And flames among the Druid Temples & the Starry Wheels,
 Gather'd Jerusalem's Children in his arms & bore them like
 A Shepherd, in the night of Albion which overspread all the Earth.

10 I gave thee liberty and life, O lovely Jerusalem,
 And thou hast bound me down upon the Stems of Vegetation.
 I gave thee Sheep-walks upon the Spanish Mountains, Jerusalem,

I gave thee Priam's City and the Isles of Grecia lovely:
 I gave thee Hand & Scofield & the Counties of Albion:
 15 They spread forth like a lovely root into the Garden of God.
 They were as Adam before me: united into One Man,
 They stood in innocence & their skiey tent reach'd over Asia
 To Nimrod's Tower, to Ham & Canaan walking with Mizraim
 Upon the Egyptian Nile, with solemn songs to Grecia
 20 And sweet Hesperia, even to Great Chaldea & Teshshina,
 Following thee as a Shepherd by the Four Rivers of Eden.
 Why wilt thou rend thyself apart, Jerusalem?
 And build this Babylon & sacrifice in secret Groves,
 Among the Gods of Asia: among the fountains of pitch & nitre.
 25 Therefore thy Mountains are become barren, Jerusalem:
 Thy Valleys, Plains of burning sand, thy Rivers, waters of death.
 Thy Villages die of the Famine, and thy Cities
 Beg bread from house to house, lovely Jerusalem.
 Why wilt thou deface thy beauty & the beauty of thy little-ones
 30 To please thy Idols, in the pretended chastities of Uncircumcision?
 Thy Sons are lovelier than Egypt or Assyria: wherefore
 Dost thou blacken their beauty by a Secluded place of rest,
 And a peculiar Tabernacle, to cut the integuments of beauty
 Into veils of tears and sorrows, O lovely Jerusalem!
 35 They have perswaded thee to this, therefore their end shall come,
 And I will lead thee thro' the Wilderness in shadow of my cloud,
 And in my love I will lead thee, lovely Shadow of Sleeping Albion.

 This is the Song of the Lamb, sung by Slaves in evening time.

 But Jerusalem faintly saw him, clos'd in the Dungeons of Babylon.
 40 Her Form was held by Beulah's Daughters, but all within unseen
 She sat at the Mills, her hair unbound, her feet naked,
 Cut with the flints; her tears run down, her reason grows like
 The Wheel of Hand, incessant turning day & night without rest.
 Insane she raves upon the winds, hoarse, inarticulate:
 45 All night Vala hears, she triumphs in pride of holiness
 To see Jerusalem deface her lineaments with bitter blows
 Of despair, while the Satanic Holiness triumph'd in Vala,
 In a Religion of Chastity & Uncircumcised Selfishness
 Both of the Head & Heart & Loins, clos'd up in Moral Pride.
 50 But the Divine Lamb stood beside Jerusalem, oft she saw
 The lineaments Divine & oft the Voice heard, & oft she said.
 O Lord & Saviour, have the Gods of the Heathen pierced thee:

- Or hast thou been pierced in the House of thy Friends?
 Art thou alive: & livest thou for evermore? or art thou
 55 Not: but a delusive shadow, a thought that liveth not.
 Babel mocks, saying, there is no God nor Son of God:
 That thou, O Human Imagination, O Divine Body, art all
 A delusion: but I know thee, O Lord, when thou arisest upon
 My weary eyes, even in this dungeon & this iron will.
 60 The Stars of Albion cruel rise: thou bindest to sweet influences:
 For thou also sufferest with me altho' I behold thee not:
 And altho' I sin & blaspheme thy holy name, thou pitiest me:
 Because thou knowest I am deluded by the turning mills,
 And by these visions of pity & love because of Albion's death.
 65 Thus spake Jerusalem, & thus the Divine Voice replied.
 Mild Shade of Man, pitiest thou these Visions of terror & woe?
 Give forth thy pity & love, fear not! lo I am with thee always.
 Only believe in me that I have power to raise from death
 69 Thy Brother who Sleepeth in Albion: fear not, trembling Shade.

p. 61 BEHOLD: in the Visions of Elohim Jehovah, behold Joseph & Mary,
 And be comforted, O Jerusalem, in the Visions of Jehovah Elohim.

- She looked & saw Joseph the Carpenter in Nazareth, & Mary
 His espoused Wife. And Mary said, If thou put me away from thee
 5 Dost thou not murder me? Joseph spoke in anger & fury, Should I
 Marry a Harlot & an Adulteress? Mary answer'd, Art thou more pure
 Than thy Maker, who forgiveth Sins & calls again Her that is Lost?
 Tho' She hates, he calls her again in love. I love my dear Joseph,
 But he driveth me away from his presence, yet I hear the voice of God
 10 In the voice of my Husband: tho' he is angry for a moment, he will not
 Utterly cast me away: if I were pure, never could I taste the sweets
 Of the Forgive[ne]ss of Sins; if I were holy, I never could behold the tears
 Of love! of him who loves me in the midst of his anger in furnace of fire.
 Ah my Mary! said Joseph, weeping over & embracing her closely in
 15 His arms: Doth he forgive Jerusalem & not exact Purity from her who is
 Polluted. I heard his voice in my sleep & his Angel in my dream:
 Saying, Doth Jehovah Forgive a Debt only on condition that it shall
 Be Payed? Doth he Forgive Pollution only on conditions of Purity?
 That Debt is not Forgiven! That Pollution is not Forgiven!
 20 Such is the Forgiveness of the Gods, the Moral Virtues of the
 Heathen, whose tender Mercies are Cruelty. But Jehovah's Salvation
 Is without Money & without Price, in the Continual Forgiveness of Sins,

In the Perpetual Mutual Sacrifice in Great Eternity! for behold,
There is none that liveth & Sinneth not! And this is the Covenant
25 Of Jehovah: If you Forgive one-another, so shall Jehovah Forgive You:
That He Himself may Dwell among You. Fear not then to take
To thee Mary thy Wife, for she is with Child by the Holy Ghost.

Then Mary burst forth into a Song: she flowed like a River of
Many Streams in the arms of Joseph, & gave forth her tears of joy
30 Like many waters, and Emanating into gardens & palaces upon
Euphrates, & to forests & floods & animals wild & tame from
Gihon to Hiddekel, & to corn fields & villages & inhabitants
Upon Pison & Arnon & Jordan. And I heard the voice among
The Reapers, Saying, Am I Jerusalem the lost Adulteress? or am I
35 Babylon come up to Jerusalem? And another voice answer'd, Saying:

Does the voice of my Lord call me again? am I pure thro' his Mercy
And Pity? Am I become lovely as a Virgin in his sight, Who am
Indeed a Harlot drunken with the Sacrifice of Idols, does he
Call her pure as he did in the days of her Infancy, when She
40 Was cast out to the loathing of her person? The Chaldean took
Me from my Cradle. The Amalekite stole me away upon his Camels,
Before I had ever beheld with love the Face of Jehovah: or known
That there was a God of Mercy: O Mercy, O Divine Humanity!
O Forgiveness & Pity & Compassion! If I were Pure I should never
45 Have known Thee: If I were Unpolluted I should never have
Glorified thy Holiness, or rejoiced in thy great Salvation.

Mary leaned her side against Jerusalem, Jerusalem recieved
The Infant into her hands in the Visions of Jehovah. Times passed on:
Jerusalem fainted over the Cross & Sepulcher. She heard the voice:
50 Wilt thou make Rome thy Patriarch Druid, & the Kings of Europe his
Horsemen? Man in the Resurrection changes his Sexual Garments at Will:
52 Every Harlot was once a Virgin: every Criminal an Infant Love!

P. 62 REPOSE on me till the morning of the Grave. I am thy life.
Jerusalem replied. I am an outcast: Albion is dead:
I am left to the trampling foot & the spurning heel:
A Harlot I am call'd. I am sold from street to street:
5 I am defaced with blows & with the dirt of the Prison:
And wilt thou become my Husband, O my Lord & Saviour?
Shall Vala bring thee forth? shall the Chaste be ashamed also?
I see the Maternal Line, I behold the Seed of the Woman:
Cainah & Ada & Zillah & Naamah, Wife of Noah.

- 10 Shuah's daughter & Tamar & Rahab the Canaanites;
 Ruth the Moabite & Bathsheba of the daughters of Heth,
 Naamah the Ammonite, Zibeah the Philistine, & Mary.
 These are the Daughters of Vala, Mother of the Body of death:
 But I thy Magdalen behold thy Spiritual Risen Body.
- 15 Shall Albion arise? I know he shall arise at the Last Day!
 I know that in my flesh I shall see God: but Emanations
 Are weak, they know not whence they are, nor whither tend.
- Jesus replied, I am the Resurrection & the Life.
 I Die & pass the limits of possibility, as it appears
- 20 To individual perception. Luvah must be Created,
 And Vala; for I cannot leave them in the gnawing Grave,
 But will prepare a way for my banished-ones to return.
 Come now with me into the villages, walk thro' all the cities:
 Tho' thou art taken to prison & judgment, starved in the streets,
- 25 I will command the cloud to give thee food & the hard rock
 To flow with milk & wine, tho' thou seest me not a season,
 Even a long season, & a hard journey & a howling wilderness:
 Tho' Vala's cloud hide thee & Luvah's fires follow thee:
 Only believe & trust in me. Lo, I am always with thee!
- 30 So spoke the Lamb of God while Luvah's Cloud reddening above
 Burst forth in streams of blood upon the heavens, & dark night
 Involv'd Jerusalem, & the Wheels of Albion's Sons turn'd hoarse
 Over the Mountains, & the fires blaz'd on Druid Altars,
 And the Sun set in Tyburn's Brook where Victims howl & cry.
- 35 But Los beheld the Divine Vision among the flames of the Furnaces:
 Therefore he lived & breathed in hope, but his tears fell incessant
 Because his Children were clos'd from him apart: & Enitharmon
 Dividing in fierce pain: also the Vision of God was clos'd in clouds
 Of Albion's Spectres, that Los in despair oft sat, & often pondered,
- 40 On Death Eternal, in fierce shudders upon the mountains of Albion
 Walking, & in the vales in howlings fierce: then to his Anvils
- 42 Turning, anew began his labours, tho' in terrible pains.

p. 63 JEHOVAH stood among the Druids in the Valley of Annandale,
 When the Four Zoas of Albion, the Four Living Creatures, the Cherubim
 Of Albion, tremble before the Spectre in the starry Harness of the Plow
 Of Nations. And their Names are Urizen & Luvah & Tharmas & Urthona.

- 5 Luvah slew Tharmas the Angel of the Tongue, & Albion brought him
 To Justice in his own City of Paris, denying the Resurrection.

Then Vala the Wife of Albion, who is the Daughter of Luvah,
Took vengeance Twelve-fold among the Chaotic Rocks of the Druids,
Where the Human Victims howl to the Moon, & Thor & Friga
10 Dance the dance of death, contending with Jehovah among the Cherubim.
The Chariot Wheels filled with Eyes rage along the howling Valley,
In the Dividing of Reuben & Benjamin bleeding from Chester's River.

The Giants & the Witches & the Ghosts of Albion dance with
Thor and Friga, & the Fairies lead the Moon along the Valley of Cherubim,
15 Bleeding in torrents from Mountain to Mountain, a lovely Victim.
And Jehovah stood in the Gates of the Victim, & he appeared
A weeping Infant in the Gates of Birth in the midst of Heaven.
The Cities & Villages of Albion became Rock & Sand Unhumanized,
The Druid Sons of Albion & the Heavens a Void around unfathomable,
20 No Human Form but Sexual, & a little weeping Infant pale reflected
Multitudinous in the Looking Glass of Enitharmon, on all sides
Around in the clouds of the Female, on Albion's Cliffs of the Dead.

Such the appearance in Cheviot, in the Divisions of Reuben,
When the Cherubim hid their heads under their wings in deep slumbers,
25 When the Druids demanded Chastity from Woman & all was lost.

How can the Female be Chaste, O thou stupid Druid, Cried Los,
Without the Forgiveness of Sins in the merciful clouds of Jehovah,
And without the Baptism of Repentance to wash away Calumnies, and
The Accusations of Sin, that each may be Pure in their Neighbours' sight?
30 O, when shall Jehovah give us Victims from his Flocks & Herds,
Instead of Human Victims by the Daughters of Albion & Canaan?

Then laugh'd Gwendolen, & her laughter shook the Nations & Familys of
The Dead beneath Beulah, from Tyburn to Golgotha, and from
Ireland to Japan: furious her Lions & Tygers & Wolves sport before
35 Los on the Thames & Medway: London & Canterbury groan in pain.

Los knew not yet what was done: he thought it was all in Vision,
In Visions of the Dreams of Beulah among the Daughters of Albion,
Therefore the Murder was put apart in the Looking-Glass of Enitharmon.

He saw in Vala's hand the Druid Knife of Revenge & the Poison Cup
40 Of Jealousy, and thought it a Poetic Vision of the Atmospheres,
Till Canaan roll'd apart from Albion across the Rhine, along the Danube.

And all the Land of Canaan suspended over the Valley of Cheviot,
From Bashan to Tyre & from Troy to Gaza of the Amalekite:

44 And Reuben fled with his head downwards among the Caverns

P. 64. OF the Mundane Shell, which froze on all sides round Canaan on
The vast Expanse: where the Daughters of Albion Weave the Web
Of Ages & Generations, folding-& unfolding it, like a Veil of Cherubim:
And sometimes it touches the Earth's summits, & sometimes spreads

5 Abroad into the Indefinite Spectre, who is the Rational Power.

Then All the Daughters of Albion became One before Los: even Vala.
And she put forth her hand upon the Looms in dreadful howlings,
Till she vegetated into a hungry Stomach & a devouring Tongue.
Her Hand is a Court of Justice, her Feet, two Armies in Battle:

10 Storms & Pestilence, in her Locks: & in her Loins Earthquake
And Fire, & the Ruin of Cities & Nations & Families & Tongues.

She cries. The Human is but a Worm, & thou, O Male! Thou art
Thyself Female, a Male, a breeder of Seed, a Son & Husband: & Lo,
The Human Divine is Woman's Shadow, a Vapor in the summer's heat.

15 Go assume Papal dignity, thou Spectre, thou Male Harlot! Arthur,
Divide into the Kings of Europe in times remote, O Woman-born
And Woman-nourish'd & Woman-educated & Woman-scorn'd!

Wherefore art thou living? said Los, & Man cannot live in thy presence.
Art thou Vala the Wife of Albion, O thou lovely Daughter of Luvah?

20 All Quarrels arise from Reasoning, the secret Murder, and
The violent Man-slaughter, these are the Spectre's double Cave:
The Sexual Death living on accusation of Sin & Judgment,
To freeze Love & Innocence into the gold & silver of the Merchant.
Without Forgiveness of Sin Love is Itself Eternal Death.

25 Then the Spectre drew Vala into his bosom, magnificent, terrific,
Glittering with precious stones & gold, with Garments of blood & fire.
He wept in deadly wrath of the Spectre, in self-contradicting agony,
Crimson with Wrath & green with Jealousy, dazling with Love
And Jealousy immingled, & the purple of the violet darken'd deep
30 Over the Plow of Nations thund'ring in the hand of Albion's Spectre.

A dark Hermaphrodite they stood frowni(ni)ng upon London's River:
And the Distaff & Spindle in the hands of Vala, with the Flax of
Human Miseries, turn'd fierce with the Lives of Men along the Valley,
As Reuben fled before the Daughters of Albion, Taxing the Nations.

35 Derby Peak yawn'd a horrid Chasm at the Cries of Gwendolen, & at
The stamping feet of Ragan upon the flaming Treddles of her Loom,
That drop with crimson gore with the Loves of Albion & Canaan,

38 Opening along the Valley of Rephaim, weaving over the Caves of Machpelah,

P. 65 TO decide Two Worlds with a great decision: a World of Mercy, and
A World of Justice; the World of Mercy for Salvation,
To cast Luvah into the Wrath, and Albion into the Pity,
In the Two Contraries of Humanity & in the Four Regions.

- 5 For in the depths of Albion's bosom in the eastern heaven,
They sound the clarions strong, they chain the howling captives:
They cast the lots into the helmet: they give the oath of blood in Lambeth:
They vote the death of Luvah, & they nail'd him to Albion's tree in Bath:
They stain'd him with poisonous blue, they inwove him in cruel roots,
10 To die a death of Six thousand years bound round with vegetation:
The sun was black & the moon roll'd a useless globe thro' Britain.

- Then left the Sons of Urizen the plow & harrow, the loom,
The hammer & the chisel, & the rule & compasses; from London fleeing
They forg'd the sword on Cheviot, the chariot of war & the battle-ax,
15 The trumpet fitted to mortal battle, & the flute of summer in Annandale:
And all the Arts of Life, they chang'd into the Arts of Death in Albion.
The hour-glass contemn'd because its simple workmanship
Was like the workmanship of the plowman, & the water wheel
That raises water into cisterns broken & burn'd with fire:
20 Because its workmanship was like the workmanship of the shepherd.
And in their stead, intricate wheels invented, wheel without wheel:
To perplex youth in their outgoings, & to bind to labours in Albion
Of day & night the myriads of eternity that they may grind
And polish brass & iron hour after hour, laborious task:
25 Kept ignorant of its use, that they might spend the days of wisdom
In sorrowful drudgery, to obtain a scanty pittance of bread:
In ignorance to view a small portion & think that All,
And call it Demonstration: blind to all the simple rules of life.

- Now, now the battle rages round thy tender limbs, O Vala,
30 Now smile among thy bitter tears; now put on all thy beauty.
Is not the wound of the sword sweet: & the broken bone delightful?
Wilt thou now smile among the scythes when the wounded groan in the field?
We were carried away in thousands from London, & in tens
Of thousands from Westminster & Marybone in ships clos'd up:
35 Chain'd hand & foot, compell'd to fight under the iron whips
Of our captains, fearing our officers more than the enemy.
Lift up thy blue eyes Vala & put on thy sapphire shoes:
O melancholy Magdalen, behold the morning over Malden break!

- Gird on thy flaming zone, descend into the sepulcher of Canterbury.
 40 Scatter the blood from thy golden brow, the tears from thy silver locks:
 Shake off the waters from thy wings, & the dust from thy white garments.
 Remember all thy feigned terrors on the secret couch of Lambeth's Vale,
 When the sun rose in glowing morn, with arms of mighty hosts
 Marching to battle, who was wont to rise with Urizen's harps
 45 Girt as a sower with his seed to scatter life abroad over Albion:
 Arise, O Vala: bring the bow of Urizen: bring the swift arrows of light.
 How rag'd the golden horses of Urizen, compell'd to the chariot of love!
 Compell'd to leave the plow to the ox, to snuff up the winds of desolation,
 To trample the corn fields in boastful neighings: this is no gentle harp,
 50 This is no warbling brook, nor shadow of a mirtle tree:
 But blood and wounds and dismal cries, and shadows of the oak:
 And hearts laid open to the light, by the broad grizly sword:
 And bowels hid in hammer'd steel rip'd quivering on the ground.
 Call forth thy smiles of soft deceit: call forth thy cloudy tears:
 55 We hear thy sighs in trumpets shrill when morn shall blood renew.

- So sang the Spectre Sons of Albion round Luvah's Stone of Trial:
 Mocking and deriding at the writhings of their Victim on Salisbury:
 Drinking his Emanation in intoxicating bliss, rejoicing in Giant dance.
 For a Spectre has no Emanation but what he imbibes from decieving
 60 A Victim: Then he becomes her Priest & she his Tabernacle,
 And his Oak Grove, till the Victim rend the woven Veil,
 In the end of his sleep when Jesus calls him from his grave.

- Howling the Victims on the Druid Altars yield their souls
 To the stern Warriors: lovely sport the Daughters round their Victims,
 65 Drinking their lives in sweet intoxication: hence arose from Bath
 Soft deluding odours, in spiral volutions intricately winding
 Over Albion's mountains, a feminine indefinite cruel delusion,
 Astonish'd, terrified & in pain & torment, Sudden they behold
 Their own Parent, the Emanation of their murder'd Enemy,
 70 Become their Emanation and their Temple and Tabernacle:
 They knew not, this Vala was their beloved Mother, Vala Albion's Wife.

- Terrified at the sight of the Victim, at his distorted sinews:
 The tremblings of Vala vibrate thro' the limbs of Albion's Sons,
 While they rejoice over Luvah in mockery & bitter scorn:
 75 Sudden they become like what they behold, in howlings & deadly pain.
 Spasms smite their features, sinews & limbs: pale they look on one another;
 They turn, contorted: their iron necks bend unwilling towards
 Luvah: their lips tremble: their muscular fibres are tramp'd & smitten,

79 They become like what they behold! Yet immense in strength & power,

- p. 66 IN awful pomp & gold, in all the precious unhewn stones of Eden,
They build a stupendous Building on the Plain of Salisbury: with chains
Of rocks round London Stone, of Reasonings, of unhewn Demonstrations,
In labyrinthine arches, (Mighty Urizen the Architect,) thro' which
5 The Heavens might revolve & Eternity be bound in their chain.
Labour unparall[el]ed! a wondrous rocky World of cruel destiny,
Rocks piled on rocks reaching the stars, stretching from pole to pole.
The Building is Natural Religion & its Altars Natural Morality:
A building of eternal death, whose proportions are eternal despair.
10 Here Vala stood turning the iron Spindle of destruction
From heaven to earth, howling, invisible: but not invisible
Her Two Covering Cherubs, afterwards named Voltaire & Rousseau:
Two frowning Rocks, on each side of the Cove & Stone of Torture,
Frozen Sons of the feminine Tabernacle of Bacon, Newton & Locke.
15 For Luvah is France; the Victim of the Spectres of Albion.
Los beheld in terror; he pour'd his loud storms on the Furnaces:
The Daughters of Albion clothed in garments of needle work
Strip them off from their shoulders and bosoms, they lay aside
Their garments, they sit naked upon the Stone of trial.
20 The knife of flint passes over the howling Victim: his blood
Gushes & stains the fair side of the fair Daugh[h]ters of Albion.
They put aside his curls: they divide his seven locks upon
His forehead: they bind his forehead with thorns of iron,
They put into his hand a reed, they mock, Saying: Behold
25 The King of Canaan, whose are seven hundred chariots of iron!
They take off his vesture whole with their Knives of flint:
But they cut asunder his inner garments: searching with
Their cruel fingers for his heart, & there they enter in pomp,
In many tears: & there they erect a temple & an altar:
30 They pour cold water on his brain in front, to cause
Lids to grow over his eyes in veils of tears: and caverns
To freeze over his nostrils, while they feed his tongue from cups
And dishes of painted clay. Glowing with beauty & cruelty,
They obscure the sun & the moon: no eye can look upon them.
35 Ah! alas! at the sight of the Victim, & at sight of those who are smitten,
All who see, become what they behold: their eyes are cover'd
With veils of tears and their nostrils & tongues shrunk up,
Their ear bent outwards, as their Victim, so are they in the pangs
Of unconquerable fear! amidst delights of revenge Earth-shaking!

- 40 And as their eye & ear shrunk, the heavens shrunk away:
 The Divine Vision became first a burning flame, then a column
 Of fire, then an awful fiery wheel surrounding earth & heaven,
 And then a globe of blood wandering distant in an unknown night:
 Afar into the unknown night the mountains fled away:
- 45 Six months of mortality, a summer: & six months of mortality, a winter:
 The Human form began to be alter'd by the Daughters of Albion,
 And the perceptions to be dissipated into the Indefinite. Becoming
 A mighty Polypus nam'd Albion's Tree: they tie the Veins
 And Nerves into two knots: & the Seed into a double knot:
- 50 They look forth: the Sun is shrunk: the Heavens are shrunk
 Away into the far remote: and the Trees & Mountains wither'd
 Into indefinite cloudy shadows in darkness & separation.
 By Invisible Hatreds adjoin'd, they seem remote and separate
 From each other; and yet are a Mighty Polypus in the Deep!
- 55 As the Mistletoe grows on the Oak, so Albion's Tree on Eternity: Lo!
 He who will not comingle in Love, must be adjoin'd by Hate.

- They look forth from Stone-henge: from the Cove round London Stone
 They look on one another: the mountain calls out to the mountain:
 Plinlimmon shrunk away: Snowdon trembled: the mountains
- 60 Of Wales & Scotland beheld the descending War, the routed flying.
 Red run the streams of Albion: Thames is drunk with blood.
 As Gwendolen cast the Shuttle of war, as Cambel return'd the beam,
 The Humber & the Severn are drunk with the blood of the slain:
 London feels his brain cut round: Edinburgh's heart is circumscribed:
- 65 York & Lincoln hide among the flocks, because of the griding knife.
 Worcester & Hereford, Oxford & Cambridge reel & stagger,
 Overwearied with howling: Wales & Scotland alone sustain the fight!
 The inhabitants are sick to death: they labour to divide into Days
 And Nights, the uncertain Periods: and into Weeks & Months. In vain
- 70 They send the Dove & Raven, & in vain the Serpent over the mountains,
 And in vain the Eagle & Lion over the four-fold wilderness.
 They return not: but generate in rocky places desolate.
 They return not: but build a habitation separate from Man.
 The Sun forgets his course, like a drunken man he hesitates,
- 75 Upon the Cheselden hills, thinking to sleep on the Severn.
 In vain: he is hurried afar into an unknown Night.
 He bleeds in torrents of blood as he rolls thro' heaven above,
 He chokes up the paths of the sky: the Moon is leprous as snow:
 Trembling & descending down, seeking to rest on high Mona:
- 80 Scattering her leprous snows in flakes of disease over Albion.

The Stars flee remote: the heaven is iron, the earth is sulphur,
And all the mountains & hills shrink up like a withering gourd:
As the Senses of Men shrink together under the Knife of flint,
84 In the hands of Albion's Daughters, among the Druid Temples,

p. 67 BY those who drink their blood & the blood of their Covenant.

And the Twelve Daughters of Albion united in Rahab & Tirzah,
A Double Female: and they drew out from the Rocky Stones
Fibres of Life to Weave, for every Female is a Golden Loom.
5 The Rocks are opaque hardnesses covering all Vegetated things.
And as they Wove & Cut from the Looms in various divisions,
Stretching over Europe & Asia from Ireland to Japan,
They divided into many lovely Daughters to be counterparts
To those they Wove, for when they Wove a Male, they divided
10 Into a Female to the Woven Male, in opaque hardness
They cut the Fibres from the Rocks, groaning in pain they Weave:
Calling the Rocks Atomic Origins or Existence; denying Eternity
By the Atheistical Epicurean Philosophy of Albion's Tree.
Such are the Feminine and Masculine when separated from Man.
15 They call the Rocks Parents of Men, & adore the frowning Chaos,
Dancing around in howling pain clothed in the bloody Veil,
Hiding Albion's Sons within the Veil, closing Jerusalem's
Sons without: to feed with their Souls the Spectres of Albion.
Ashamed to give Love openly to the piteous & merciful Man,
20 Counting him an imbecile mockery: but the Warrior
They adore, & his revenge cherish with the blood of the Innocent.
They drink up Dan & Gad, to feed with milk Skofeld & Kotope:
They strip off Joseph's Coat & dip it in the blood of battle.

Tirzah sits weeping to hear the shrieks of the dying: her Knife
25 Of flint is in her hand: she passes it over the howling Victim.
The Daughters Weave their Work in loud cries over the Rock
Of Horeb: still eyeing Albion's Cliffs eagerly, siezing & twisting
The threads of Vala & Jerusalem running from mountain to mountain
Over the whole Earth: loud the Warriors rage in Beth Peor,
30 Beneath the iron whips of their Captains & consecrated banners:
Loud the Sun & Moon rage in the conflict: loud the Stars
Shout in the night of battle & their spears grow to their hands
With blood, weaving the deaths of the Mighty into a Tabernacle
For Rahab & Tirzah; till the Great Polypus of Generation covered the Earth.
35 In Verulam the Polypus's Head, winding around his bulk

Thro' Rochester and Chichester & Exeter & Salisbury,
To Bristol: & his Heart beat strong on Salisbury Plain,
Shooting out Fibres round the Earth, thro' Gaul & Italy
And Greece, & along the Sea of Rephaim into Judea
40 To Sodom & Gomorrha: thence to India, China & Japan.

The Twelve Daughters in Rahab & Tirzah have circumscrib'd the Brain
Beneath & pierced it thro' the midst with a golden pin.
Blood hath stain'd her fair side beneath her bosom.

O thou poor Human Form! said she. O thou poor child of woe!
45 Why wilt thou wander away from Tirzah: why me compel to bind thee?
If thou dost go away from me I shall consume upon these Rocks.
These fibres of thine eyes that used to beam in distant heavens,
Away from me, I have bound down with a hot iron.
These nostrils that expanded with delight in morning skies
50 I have bent downward with lead melted in my roaring furnaces
Of affliction, of love, of sweet despair, of torment unendurable.
My soul is seven furnaces, incessant roars the bellows
Upon my terribly flaming heart, the molten metal runs
In channels thro' my fiery limbs: O love, O pity, O fear,
55 O pain! O the pangs, the bitter pangs of love forsaken!
Ephraim was a wilderness of joy where all my wild beasts ran,
The River Kanah wander'd by my sweet Manasseh's side,
To see the boy spring into heavens sounding from my sight!
Go Noah, fetch the girdle of strong brass, heat it red-hot:
60 Press it around the loins of this ever expanding cruelty.
Shriek not so my only love: I refuse thy joys: I drink
62 Thy shrieks because Hand & Hyle are cruel & obdurate to me.

P. 68 O SKOFIELD why art thou cruel? Lo Joseph is thine, to make
You One: to weave you both in the same mantle of skin.
Bind him down Sisters, bind him down on Ebal Mount of cursing.
Malah, come forth from Lebanon: & Hogleh, from Mount Sinai!
5 Come, circumscribe this tongue of sweets & with a screw of iron
Fasten this ear into the rock: Milcah, the task is thine!
Weep not so, Sisters, weep not so: our life depends on this:
Or mercy & truth are fled away from Shechem & Mount Gilead,
Unless my beloved is bound upon the Stems of Vegetation.
10 And thus the Warriors cry in the hot day of Victory, in Songs.
Look! the beautiful Daughter of Albion sits naked upon the Stone,
Her panting Victim beside her: her heart is drunk with blood,

Tho' her brain is not drunk with wine: she goes forth from Albion
 In pride of beauty, in cruelty of holiness, in the brightness
 15 Of her tabernacle, & her ark & secret place: the beautiful Daughter
 Of Albion delights the eyes of the Kings: their hearts & the
 Hearts of their Warriors glow hot before Thor & Friga. O Molech!
 O Chemosh! O Bacchus! O Venus! O Double God of Generation!
 The Heavens are cut like a mantle around from the Cliffs of Albion,
 20 Across Europe, across Africa, in howlings & deadly War.
 A sheet & veil & curtain of blood is let down from Heaven
 Across the hills of Ephraim & down Mount Olivet to
 The Valley of the Jebusite: Molech rejoices in heaven,
 He sees the Twelve Daughters naked upon the Twelve Stones,
 25 Themselves condensing to rocks & into the Ribs of a Man.
 Lo, they shoot forth in tender Nerves across Europe & Asia:
 Lo, they rest upon the Tribes, where their panting Victims lie.
 Molech rushes into the Kings in love to the beautiful Daughters,
 But they frown & delight in cruelty, refusing all other joy.
 30 Bring your Offerings, your first begotten, pamper'd with milk & blood:
 Your first born of seven years old, be they Males or Females,
 To the beautiful Daughters of Albion! they sport before the Kings
 Clothed in the skin of the Victim! blood, human blood, is the life
 And delightful food of the Warrior: the well fed Warrior's flesh
 35 Of him who is slain in War fills the Valleys of Ephraim with
 Breeding Women walking in pride & bringing forth under green trees
 With pleasure, without pain, for their food is blood of the Captive.
 Molech rejoices thro' the Land from Havilah to Shur: he rejoices
 In moral law & its severe penalties; loud Shaddai & Jehovah
 40 Thunder above, when they see the Twelve panting Victims
 On the Twelve Stones of Power, & the beautiful Daughters of Albion.
 If you dare rend their Veil with your spear, you are healed of Love.
 From the Hills of Camberwell & Wimbledon, from the Valleys
 Of Walton & Esher, from Stone-henge & from Malden's Cove,
 45 Jerusalem's Pillars fall in the rendings of fierce War.
 Over France & Germany, upon the Rhine & Danube,
 Reuben & Benjamin flee: they hide in the Valley of Rephaim.
 Why trembles the Warriors limbs when he beholds thy beauty
 Spotted with Victims' blood: by the fires of thy secret tabernacle
 50 And thy ark & holy place: at thy frowns, at thy dire revenge:
 Smitten as Uzzah of old, his armour is soften'd: his spear
 And sword faint in his hand, from Albion across Great Tartary.
 O beautiful Daughter of Albion! cruelty is thy delight,
 O Virgin of terrible eyes who dwellest by Valleys of springs,

- 55 Beneath the Mountains of Lebanon, in the City of Rehob in Hamath,
 Taught to touch the harp, to dance in the Circle of Warriors
 Before the Kings of Canaan, to cut the flesh from the Victim,
 To roast the flesh in fire, to examine the Infant's limbs
 In cruelties of holiness, to refuse the joys of love, to bring
 60 The Spies from Egypt, to raise jealousy in the bosoms of the Twelve
 Kings of Canaan, then to let the Spies depart to Meribah Kadesh
 To the place of the Amalekite; I am drunk with unsatiated love:
 I must rush again to War: for the Virgin has frown'd & refus'd.
 Sometimes I curse & sometimes bless thy fascinating beauty.
 65 Once Man was occupied in intellectual pleasures & energies,
 But now my Soul is harrow'd with grief & fear & love & desire,
 And now I hate & now I love & Intellect is no more:
 There is no time for any thing but the torments of love & desire:
 The Feminine & Masculine Shadows soft, mild & ever varying
 70 In beauty, are Shadows now no more, but Rocks in Horeb.

p. 69 THEN all the Males conjoined into One Male, & every one
 Became a ravening eating Cancer growing in the Female,
 A Polypus of Roots of Reasoning, Doubt, Despair & Death,
 Going forth & returning from Albion's Rocks to Canaan:

- 5 Devouring Jerusalem from every Nation of the Earth.

- Envyng stood the enormous Form at variance with Itself
 In all its Members: in eternal torment of love & jealousy:
 Driv'n forth by Los time after time from Albion's clifly shore:
 Drawing the free loves of Jerusalem into infernal bondage,
 10 That they might be born in contentions of Chastity & in
 Deadly Hate between Leah & Rachel, Daughters of Deceit & Fraud:
 Bearing the Images of various Species of Contention
 And Jealousy & Abhorrence & Revenge & deadly Murder,
 Till they refuse liberty to the Male: & not like Beulah
 15 Where every Female delights to give her maiden to her husband.
 The Female searches sea & land for gratifications to the
 Male Genius: who in return clothes her in gems & gold
 And feeds her with the food of Eden, hence all her beauty beams.
 She Creates at her will a little moony night & silence
 20 With Spaces of sweet gardens & a tent of elegant beauty:
 Closed in by a sandy desert & a night of stars shining,
 And a little tender moon & hovering angels on the wing.
 And the Male gives a Time & Revolution to her Space
 Till the time of love is passed in ever varying delights.

- 25 For All Things Exist in the Human Imagination,
And thence in Beulah they are stolen by secret amorous theft,
Till they have had Punishment enough to make them commit Crimes.
Hence rose the Tabernacle in the Wilderness & all its Offerings,
From Male & Female Loves in Beulah & their Jealousies,
30 But no one can consummate Female bliss in Los's World without
Becoming a Generated Mortal, a Vegetating Death.

And now the Spectres of the Dead awake in Beulah: all
The Jealousies become Murderous, uniting together in Rahab,
A Religion of Chastity, forming a Commerce to sell Loves
35 With Moral Law, an Equal Balance, not going down with decision.
Therefore the Male severe & cruel fill'd with stern Revenge:
Mutual Hate returns & mutual Deceit & mutual Fear.

Hence the Infernal Veil grows in the disobedient Female,
Which Jesus rends & the whole Druid Law removes away
40 From the Inner Sanctuary: a False Holiness hid within the Center.
For the Sanctuary of Eden is in the Camp, in the Outline,
In the Circumference: & every Minute Particular is Holy:
Embraces are Cominglings, from the Head even to the Feet,
And not a pompous High Priest entering by a Secret Place.

- 45 Jerusalem pined in her inmost soul over Wandering Reuben
46 As she slept in Beulah's Night hid by the Daughters of Beulah.

p. 70 AND this the form of mighty Hand sitting on Albion's cliffs
Before the face of Albion, a mighty threat'ning Form.

- His bosom wide & shoulders huge, overspreading wondrous,
Bear Three strong sinewy Necks & Three awful & terrible Heads,
5 Three Brains in contradictory council brooding incessantly,
Neither daring to put in act its councils, fearing each other,
Therefore rejecting Ideas as nothing & holding all Wisdom
To consist in the agreements & disagree[me]nts of Ideas,
Plotting to devour Albion's Body of Humanity & Love.
- 10 Such Form the aggregate of the Twelve Sons of Albion took: & such
Their appearance when combin'd: but often by birth-pangs & loud groans
They divide to Twelve: the key-bones & the chest dividing in pain
Disclose a hideous orifice; thence issuing the Giant-brood
Arise as the smoke of the furnace, shaking the rocks from sea to sea,
15 And there they combine into Three Forms, named Bacon & Newton & Locke,
In the Oak Groves of Albion which overspread all the Earth.

Imputing Sin & Righteousness to Individuals, Rahab
 Sat deep within him hid: his Feminine Power unreveal'd
 Brooding Abstract Philosophy, to destroy Imagination, the Divine-
 20 Humanity: A Three-fold Wonder, feminine, most beautiful, Three-fold
 Each within other. On her white marble & even Neck, her Heart
 Inorb'd and bonified: with locks of shadowing modesty, shining
 Over her beautiful Female features, soft flourishing in beauty,
 Beams mild, all love and all perfection, that when the lips
 25 Recieve a kiss from Gods or Men, a threefold kiss returns
 From the press'd loveliness; so her whole immortal form, three-fold,
 Three-fold embrace returns: consuming lives of Gods & Men,
 In fires of beauty melting them as gold & silver in the furnace.
 Her Brain enlabyrinths the whole heaven of her bosom & loins
 30 To put in act what her Heart wills; O who can withstand her power?
 Her name is Vala in Eternity: in Time her name is Rahab.
 32 The Starry Heavens all were fled from the mighty limbs of Albion,

P. 71 AND above Albion's Land was seen the Heavenly Canaan,
 As the Substance is to the Shadow: and above Albion's Twelve Sons
 Were seen Jerusalem's Sons: and all the Twelve Tribes spreading
 Over Albion. As the Soul is to the Body, so Jerusalem's Sons
 5 Are to the Sons of Albion: and Jerusalem is Albion's Emanation.

What is Above is Within, for everything in Eternity is translucent;
 The Circumference is Within: Without, is formed the Selfish Center:
 And the Circumference still expands going forward to Eternity,
 And the Center has Eternal States! these States we now explore.

10 And these the Names of Albion's Twelve Sons, & of his Twelve Daughters
 With their Districts. Hand dwelt in Selsey, & had Sussex & Surrey
 And Kent & Middlesex: all their Rivers & their Hills of flocks & herds;
 Their Villages, Towns, Cities, Sea-Ports, Temples, sublime Cathedrals;
 All were his Friends & their Sons & Daughters intermarry in Beulah,
 15 For all are Men in Eternity, Rivers, Mountains, Cities, Villages.
 All are Human, & when you enter into their Bosoms you walk
 In Heavens & Earths; as in your own Bosom you bear your Heaven
 And Earth, & all you behold: tho' it appears Without it is Within
 In your Imagination, of which this World of Mortality is but a Shadow.
 20 Hyle dwelt in Winchester, comprehending Hants, Dorset, Devon, Cornwall,
 Their Villages, Cities, Sea Ports, their Corn fields & Gardens spacious,
 Palaces, Rivers & Mountains, and between Hand & Hyle arose
 Gwendolen & Cambel who is Boadicea: they go abroad & return

- Like lovely beams of light from the mingled affections of the Brothers :
- 25 The Inhabitants of the whole Earth rejoice in their beautiful light.
- Coban dwelt in Bath, Somerset, Wiltshire, Gloucestershire,
 Obey'd his awful voice: Ignoge is his lovely Emanation;
 She adjoin'd with Gwantoke's Children, soon lovely Cordella arose,
 Gwantoke forgave & joy'd over South Wales & all its Mountains.
- 30 Peachey had North Wales, Shropshire, Cheshire & the Isle of Man,
 His Emanation is Mehetabel, terrible & lovely upon the Mountains.
- Brertun had Yorkshire, Durham, Westmoreland, & his Emanation
 Is Ragan: she adjoin'd to Slade, & produced Gonorill far beaming.
- Slade had Lincoln, Stafford, Derby, Nottingham, & his lovely
 35 Emanation Gonorill rejoices over hills & rocks & woods & rivers.
- Huttn had Warwick, Northampton, Bedford, Buckingham,
 Leicester & Berkshire; & his Emanation is Gwinefred beautiful.
- Skofeld had Ely, Rutland, Cambridge, Huntingdon, Norfolk,
 Suffolk, Hartford & Essex: & his Emanation is Gwinevera
 40 Beautiful, she beams towards the east, all kinds of precious stones
 And pearl, with instruments of music in holy Jerusalem.
- Kox had Oxford, Warwick, Wilts; his Emanation is Estrild:
 Join'd with Cordella she shines southward over the Atlantic.
- Kotope had Hereford, Stafford, Worcester, & his Emanation
 45 Is Sabrina: join'd with Mehetabel she shines west over America.
- Bowen had all Scotland, the Isles, Northumberland & Cumberland:
 His Emanation is Conwenna, she shines a triple form
 Over the north with pearly beams gorgeous & terrible,
 Jerusalem & Vala rejoice in Bowen & Conwenna.
- 50 But the Four Sons of Jerusalem that never were Generated
 Are Rintrah and Palamabron and Theotormon and Bromion. They
 Dwell over the Four Provinces of Ireland in heavenly light,
 The Four Universities of Scotland, & in Oxford & Cambridge & Winchester.
- But now Albion is darkened & Jerusalem lies in ruins:
 55 Above the Mountains of Albion, above the head of Los.
- And Los shouted with ceaseless shoutings, & his tears poured down
 His immortal cheeks, rearing his hands to heaven for aid Divine!
 But he spoke not to Albion: fearing lest Albion should turn his Back
 Against the Divine Vision: & fall over the Precipice of Eternal Death.

- 60 But he receded before Albion, & before Vala weaving the Veil
 With the iron shuttle of War among the rooted Oaks of Albion:
 Weeping & shouting to the Lord day & night; and his Children
 63 Wept round him as a flock silent Seven Days of Eternity.

p. 72 AND the Thirty-two Counties of the Four Provinces of Ireland
 Are thus divided; The Four Counties are in the Four Camps,
 Munster South in Reuben's Gate, Connaut West in Joseph's Gate,
 Ulster North in Dan's Gate, Leinster East in Judah's Gate,

- 5 For Albion in Eternity has Sixteen Gates among his Pillars,
 But the Four towards the West were Walled up, & the Twelve
 That front the Four other Points were turned Four Square
 By Los for Jerusalem's sake & called the Gates of Jerusalem:
 Because Twelve Sons of Jerusalem fled successive thro the Gates.
 10 But the Four Sons of Jerusalem who fled not but remain'd
 Are Rintrah & Palamabron & Theotormon & Bromion,
 The Four that remain with Los to guard the Western Wall:
 And these Four remain to guard the Four Walls of Jerusalem,
 Whose foundations remain in the Thirty-two Counties of Ireland,
 15 And in Twelve Counties of Wales, & in the Forty Counties
 Of England, & in the Thirty-six Counties of Scotland.

- And the names of the Thirty-two Counties of Ireland are these:
 Under Judah & Issachar & Zebulun are Lowth, Longford,
 Eastmeath, Westmeath, Dublin, Kildare, King's County,
 20 Queen's County, Wicklow, Catherloh, Wexford, Kilkenny:
 And those under Reuben & Simeon & Levi are these,
 Waterford, Tipperary, Cork, Limerick, Kerry, Clare:
 And those under Ephraim, Manasseh & Benjamin are these,
 Galway, Roscommon, Mayo, Sligo, Leitrim:
 25 And those under Dan, Asher & Napthali are these,
 Donnegal, Antrim, Tyrone, Fermangall, Armagh, Londonderry,
 Down, Monaghan, Cavan. These are the Land of Erin.

- All these Center in London & in Golgonooza, from whence
 They are Created continually, East & West & North & South:
 30 And from them are Created all the Nations of the Earth,
 Europe & Asia & Africa & America, in fury Fourfold!

And Thirty-two the Nations, to dwell in Jerusalem's Gates.
 O Come ye Nations, Come ye People, Come up to Jerusalem.
 Return, Jerusalem, & dwell together as of old: Return,

- 35 Return: O Albion, let Jerusalem overspread all Nations
As in the times of old; O Albion awake! Reuben wanders,
The Nations wait for Jerusalem, they look up for the Bride.

France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Poland, Russia, Sweden, Turkey,
Arabia, Palestine, Persia, Hindostan, China, Tartary, Siberia,
40 Egypt, Lybia, Ethiopia, Guinea, Caffraria, Negroland, Morocco,
Congo, Zaara, Canada, Greenland, Carolina, Mexico,
Peru, Patagonia, Amazonia, Brazil. Thirty-two Nations,
And under these Thirty-two Classes of Islands in the Ocean,
All the Nations Peoples & Tongues throughout all the Earth.

- 45 And the Four Gates of Los surround the Universe Within and
Without; & whatever is visible in the Vegetable Earth, the same
Is visible in the Mundane Shell: revers'd in mountain & vale.
And a Son of Eden was set over each Daughter of Beulah, to guard
In Albion's Tomb the wondrous Creation: & the Four-fold Gate
50 Towards Beulah is to the South: Fenelon, Guion, Teresa,
Whitefield & Hervey guard that Gate, with all the gentle Souls
52 Who guide the great Wine-press of Love: Four precious Stones that Gate:

p. 73 SUCH are Cathedron's golden Halls in the City of Golgonooza.

- And Los's Furnaces howl loud, living, self-moving, lamenting
With fury & despair, & they stretch from South to North
Thro' all the Four Points: Lo! the Labourers at the Furnaces,
5 Rintrah & Palamabron, Theotormon & Bromion, loud lab'ring
With the innumerable multitudes of Golgonooza, round the Anvils
Of Death. But how they came forth from the Furnaces & how long,
Vast & severe the anguish e'er they knew their Father, were
Long to tell, & of the iron rollers, golden axle-trees & yokes
10 Of Brass, iron chains & braces & the gold, silver & brass,
Mingled or separate: for swords, arrows, cannons, mortars,
The terrible ball, the wedge, the loud sounding hammer of destruction,
The sounding flail to thresh, the winnow to winnow kingdoms,
The water wheel & mill of many innumerable wheels resistless,
15 Over the Four fold Monarchy from Earth to the Mundane Shell.
Perusing Albion's Tomb in the starry characters of Og & Anak:
To Create the lion & wolf, the bear, the tyger & ounce:
To Create the woolly lamb & downy fowl & scaly serpent,
The summer & winter, day & night, the sun & moon & stars,
20 The tree, the plant, the flower, the rock, the stone, the metal,

Of Vegetative Nature: by their hard restricting condensations.

Where Luvah's World of Opakeness grew to a period, It
Became a Limit, a Rocky hardness without form & void,
Accumulating without end: here Los, who is of the Elohim,
25 Opens the Furnaces of affliction in the Emanation,
Fixing the Sexual into an ever-prolific Generation,
Naming the Limit of Opakeness, Satan, & the Limit of Contraction,
Adam, who is Peleg & Joktan: & Esau & Jacob: & Saul & David.

Voltaire insinuates that these Limits are the cruel work of God,
30 Mocking the Remover of Limits & the Resurrection of the Dead,
Setting up Kings in wrath: in holiness of Natural Religion.
Which Los with his mighty Hammer demolishes time on time
In miracles & wonders in the Four-fold Desart of Albion,
Permanently Creating to be in Time Reveal'd & Demolish'd.
35 Satan, Cain, Tubal, Nimrod, Pharoh, Priam, Bladud, Belin,
Arthur, Alfred, the Norman Conqueror, Richard, John,
And all the Kings & Nobles of the Earth & all their Glories.
These are Created by Rahab & Tirzah in Ulro: but around
These, to preserve them from Eternal Death, Los Creates
40 Adam, Noah, Abraham, Moses, Samuel, David, Ezekiel,
Dissipating the rocky forms of Death, by his thunderous Hammer.
As the Pilgrim passes while the Country permanent remains,
So Men pass on; but States remain permanent for ever.

The Spectres of the Dead howl round the porches of Los,
45 In the terrible Family feuds of Albion's cities & villages,
To devour the Body of Albion, hung'ring & thirsting & rav'ning.
The Sons of Los clothe them & feed & provide houses & gardens:
And every Human Vegetated Form in its inward recesses
Is a house of ple[as]antness & a garden of delight, Built by the
50 Sons & Daughters of Los in Bowlahoola & in Cathedron.

From London to York & Edinburgh the Furnaces rage terrible:
52 Primrose Hill is the mouth of the Furnace & the Iron Door:

p. 74 THE Four Zoas clouded rage; Urizen stood by Albion,
With Rintrah and Palamabron and Theotormon and Bromion:
These Four are Verulam & London & York & Edinburgh:
And the Four Zoas are Urizen & Luvah & Tharmas & Urthona,
5 In opposition deadly, and their Wheels in poisonous
And deadly stupor turn'd against each other loud & fierce.

Entering into the Reasoning Power, forsaking Imagination,
They became Spectres: & their Human Bodies were reposed
In Beulah, by the Daughters of Beulah, with tears & lamentations.

- 10 The Spectre is the Reasoning Power in Man; & when separated
From Imagination, and closing itself as in steel, in a Ratio
Of the Things of Memory, It thence frames Laws & Moralities
To destroy Imagination, the Divine Body, by Martyrdoms & Wars.

- Teach me, O Holy Spirit, the Testimony of Jesus! let me
15 Comprehend wonderful things out of the Divine Law.
I behold Babylon in the opening Streets of London, I behold
Jerusalem in ruins wandering about from house to house.
This I behold: the shudderings of death attend my steps.
I walk up and down in Six Thousand Years: their Events are present before me,
20 To tell how Los in grief & anger, whirling round his Hammer on high,
Drave the Sons & Daughters of Albion from their ancient mountains:
They became the Twelve Gods of Asia Opposing the Divine Vision.

- The Sons of Albion are Twelve: the Sons of Jerusalem Sixteen.
I tell how Albion's Sons by Harmonies of Concords & Discords,
25 Opposed to Melody, and by Lights & Shades, opposed to Outline,
And by Abstraction, opposed to the Visions of Imagination,
By cruel Laws divided Sixteen into Twelve Divisions:
How Hyle roof'd Los in Albion's Cliffs, by the Affections rent
Asunder & opposed to Thought, to draw Jerusalem's Sons
30 Into the Vortex of his Wheels, therefore Hyle is called Gog,
Age after age drawing them away towards Babylon,
Babylon, the Rational Morality deluding to death the little ones
In strong temptations of stolen beauty: I tell how Reuben slept
On London Stone & the Daughters of Albion ran around admiring
35 His awful beauty: with Moral Virtue the fair deciever, offspring
Of Good & Evil, they divided him in love upon the Thames & sent
Him over Europe in streams of gore out of Cathedron's Looms.
How Los drave them from Albion & they became Daughters of Canaan,
Hence Albion was call'd the Canaanite & all his Giant Sons.
40 Hence is my Theme. O Lord my Saviour, open thou the Gates
And I will lead forth thy Words, telling how the Daughters
Cut the Fibres of Reuben, how he roll'd apart & took Root
In Bashan, terror-struck Albion's Sons look toward Bashan.
They have divided Simeon: he also roll'd apart in blood
45 Over the Nations, till he took Root beneath the shining Looms
Of Albion's Daughters in Philistea by the side of Amalek.

They have divided Levi: he hath shot out into Forty eight Roots
Over the Land of Canaan: they have divided Judah:

He hath took Root in Hebron, in the Land of Hand & Hyle.

- 50 Dan: Napthali: Gad: Asher: Issachar: Zebulun: roll apart
From all the Nations of the Earth to dissipate into Non Entity.

I see a Feminine Form arise from the Four terrible Zoas,
Beautiful but terrible, struggling to take a form of beauty,
Rooted in Shechem: this is Dinah, the youthful form of Erin.

- 55 The Wound I see in South Molton Street & Stratford place,
Whence Joseph & Benjamin roll'd apart away from the Nations:
57 In vain they roll'd apart: they are fix'd into the Land of Cabul.

p. 75 AND Rahab, Babylon the Great, hath destroyed Jerusalem.
Bath stood upon the Severn with Merlin & Bladud & Arthur,
The Cup of Rahab in his hand: her Poisons Twenty-seven-fold.

- And all her Twenty-seven Heavens, now hid & now reveal'd,
5 Appear in strong delusive light of Time & Space, drawn out
In shadowy pomp by the Eternal Prophet, created evermore:
For Los in Six Thousand Years walks up & down continually,
That not one Moment of Time be lost, & every revolution
Of Space he makes permanent in Bowlahoola & Cathedron.
- 10 And these the names of the Twenty-seven Heavens & their Churches:
Adam, Seth, Enos, Cainan, Manalaleel, Jared, Enoch,
Methuselah, Lamech: these are the Giants mighty, Hermaphroditic.
Noah, Shem, Arphaxad, Cainan the Second, Satan, Heber,
Peleg, Reu, Serug, Nahor, Terah: these are the Female Males:
15 A Male within a Female hid as in an Ark & Curtains.
Abraham, Moses, Solomon, Paul, Constantine, Charlemaine,
Luther, these Seven are the Male Females: the Dragon Forms:
The Female hid within a Male: thus Rahab is reveal'd,
Mystery, Babylon the Great: the Abomination of Desolation:
20 Religion hid in War: a Dragon red & hidden Harlot.
But Jesus breaking thro' the Central Zones of Death & Hell
Opens Eternity in Time & Space: triumphant in Mercy.

Thus are the Heavens form'd by Los within the Mundane Shell:
And where Luther ends Adam begins again in Eternal Circle,

- 25 To awake the Prisoners of Death: to bring Albion again
With Luvah into light eternal, in his eternal day.
- 27 But now the Starry Heavens are fled from the mighty limbs of Albion.

Devils are False Religions.

"Saul, Saul, Why persecutest thou me?"

I give you the end of a golden string,
Only wind it into a ball:
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate,
Built in Jerusalem's wall.

- 5 WE are told to abstain from fleshly desires that we may lose no time from the Work of the Lord. Every moment lost, is a moment that cannot be redeemed: every pleasure that intermingles with the duty of our station is a folly unredeemable, & is planted like the seed of a wild flower among our wheat. All the tortures of repentance are tortures of self-reproach on account of our leaving the Divine Harvest to the Enemy, the struggles of intanglement with incoherent roots. I know of no other Christianity and of no other Gospel than the liberty both of body & mind to exercise the Divine Arts of Imagination: Imagination, the real & eternal World of which this Vegetable Universe is but a faint shadow, & in which we shall live in our Eternal or Imaginative Bodies, 15 when these Vegetable Mortal Bodies are no more. The Apostles knew of no other Gospel. What were all their spiritual gifts? What is the Divine Spirit? is the Holy Ghost any other than an Intellectual Fountain? What is the Harvest of the Gospel & its Labours? What is that Talent which it is a curse to hide? What are the Treasures of Heaven which we are to lay up for ourselves, are they any other than Mental Studies & Performances? What are all 20 the Gifts of the Gospel, are they not all Mental Gifts? Is God a Spirit who must be worshipped in Spirit & in Truth, and are not the Gifts of the Spirit Every-thing to Man? O ye Religious, discountenance every one among you who shall pretend to despise Art & Science! I call upon you in the Name of 25 Jesus! What is the Life of Man but Art & Science? is it Meat & Drink? is not the Body more than Raiment? What is Mortality but the things relating to the Body, which Dies? What is Immortality but the things relating to the Spirit, which Lives Eternally? What is the Joy of Heaven but Improvement in the things of the Spirit? What are the Pains of Hell but Ignorance, Bodily Lust, Idleness & devastation of the things of the Spirit? Answer 30 this to yourselves, & expel from among you those who pretend to despise the labours of Art & Science, which alone are the labours of the Gospel: Is not this plain & manifest to the thought? Can you think at all, & not pronounce heartily: That to Labour in Knowledge, is to Build up Jerusalem; and to 35 Despise Knowledge, is to Despise Jerusalem & her Builders. And remember;

He who despises & mocks a Mental Gift in another, calling it pride & selfishness & sin, mocks Jesus the giver of every Mental Gift, which always appear to the ignorance-loving Hypocrite, as Sins: but that which is a Sin in the sight of cruel Man, is not so in the sight of our kind God. Let every Christian, as
40 much as in him lies, engage himself openly & publicly before all the World in some Mental pursuit for the Building up of Jerusalem

I stood among my valleys of the south,
And saw a flame of fire, even as a Wheel
Of fire surrounding all the heavens: it went
45 From west to east against the current of
Creation, and devour'd all things in its loud
Fury & thundering course round heaven & earth.
By it the Sun was roll'd into an orb:
By it the Moon faded into a globe,
50 Travelling thro the night; for from its dire
And restless fury Man himself shrunk up
Into a little root a fathom long.
And I asked a Watcher & a Holy-One
Its Name? he answered: It is the Wheel of Religion.
55 I wept & said: Is this the law of Jesus,
This terrible devouring sword turning every way?
He answer'd: Jesus died because he strove
Against the current of this Wheel: its Name
Is Caiaphas, the dark Preacher of Death,
60 Of sin, of sorrow, & of punishment:
Opposing Nature! It is Natural Religion.
But Jesus is the bright Preacher of Life,
Creating Nature from this fiery Law,
By self-denial & forgiveness of Sin. /
65 Go therefore, cast out devils in Christ's name,
Heal thou the sick of spiritual disease,
Pity the evil, for thou art not sent
To smite with terror & with punishments
Those that are sick, like to the Pharisees,
70 Crucifying, & encompassing sea & land
For proselytes to tyranny & wrath.
But to the Publicans & Harlots go!
Teach them True Happiness, but let no curse
Go forth out of thy mouth to blight their peace.
75 For Hell is open'd to Heaven: thine eyes beheld
The dungeons burst & the Prisoners set free.

England! awake! awake! awake!
Jerusalem thy Sister calls!
Why wilt thou sleep the sleep of death,
80 And close her from thy ancient walls?

Thy hills & valleys felt her feet,
Gently upon their bosoms move:
Thy gates beheld sweet Zion's ways:
Then was a time of joy and love.

85 And now the time returns again:
Our souls exult, & London's towers
Recieve the Lamb of God to dwell
88 In England's green & pleasant bowers.

THE Spectres of Albion's Twelve Sons revolve mightily
 Over the Tomb & over the Body: rav'ning to devour
 The Sleeping Humanity. Los with his mace of iron
 Walks round: loud his threats, loud his blows fall

- 5 On the rocky Spectres, as the Potter breaks his potsherds:
 Dashing in pieces Self-righteousnesses, driving them from Albion's
 Cliffs: dividing them into Male & Female forms in his Furnaces
 And on his Anvils: lest they destroy the Feminine Affections,
 They are broken. Loud howl the Spectres in his iron Furnace.
- 10 While Los laments at his dire labours, viewing Jerusalem,
 Sitting before his Furnaces clothed in sackcloth of hair;
 Albion's Twelve Sons surround the Forty-two Gates of Erin,
 In terrible armour, raging against the Lamb & against Jerusalem,
 Surrounding them with armies to destroy the Lamb of God.
- 15 They took their Mother Vala, and they crown'd her with gold:
 They nam'd her Rahab, & gave her power over the Earth,
 The Concave Earth round Golgonooza in Entuthan Benyathon,
 Even to the stars exalting her Throne, to build beyond the Throne
 Of God and the Lamb, to destroy the Lamb & usurp the Throne of God,
- 20 Drawing their Ulro Voidness round the Four-fold Humanity.

Naked Jerusalem lay before the Gates upon Mount Zion,
 The Hill of Giants, all her foundations levell'd with the dust:

Her Twelve Gates thrown down: her children carried into captivity:
 Herself in chains: this from within was seen in a dismal night

- 25 Outside, unknown before in Beulah, & the twelve gates were fill'd
 With blood: from Japan, eastward, to the Giants causway, west,
 In Erin's Continent: and Jerusalem wept upon Euphrates' banks
 Disorganiz'd: an evanescent shade, scarce seen or heard among
 Her children's Druid Temples, dropping with blood, wander'd weeping!
- 30 And thus her voice went forth in the darkness of Philisthea.

My brother & my father are no more! God hath forsaken me!
 The arrows of the Almighty pour upon me & my children!

- 33 I have sinned and am an outcast from the Divine Presence!

p. 79 MY tents are fall'n! my pillars are in ruins! my children dash'd
 Upon Egypt's iron floors, & the marble pavements of Assyria!
 I melt my soul in reasonings among the towers of Heshbon:
 Mount Zion is become a cruel rock, & no more dew

- 5 Nor rain: no more the spring of the rock appears: but cold,
Hard & obdurate are the furrows of the mountain of wine & oil;
The mountain of blessing is itself a curse & an astonishment:
The hills of Judah are fallen with me into the deepest hell,
Away from the Nations of the Earth, & from the Cities of the Nations;
10 I walk to Ephraim, I seek for Shiloh; I walk like a lost sheep
Among precipices of despair: in Goshen I seek for light
In vain: and in Gilead for a physician and a comforter.
Goshen hath follow'd Philistea: Gilead hath join'd with Og:
They are become narrow places in a little and dark land:
15 How distant far from Albion! his hills & his valleys no more
Recieve the feet of Jerusalem: they have cast me quite away:
And Albion is himself shrunk to a narrow rock in the midst of the sea!
The plains of Sussex & Surrey, their hills of flocks & herds,
No more seek to Jerusalem nor to the sound of my Holy-ones.
20 The Fifty-two Counties of England are harden'd against me
As if I was not their Mother, they despise me & cast me out.
London cover'd the whole Earth, England encompass'd the Nations,
And all the Nations of the Earth were seen in the Cities of Albion.
My pillars reach'd from sea to sea; London beheld me come
25 From my east & from my west, he blessed me and gave
His children to my breasts, his sons & daughters to my knees.
His aged parents sought me out in every city & village:
They discern'd my countenance with joy; they shew'd me to their sons,
Saying, Lo Jerusalem is here! she sitteth in our secret chambers.
30 Levi and Judah & Issachar: Ephraim, Manasseh, Gad and Dan
Are seen in our hills & valleys: they keep our flocks & herds:
They watch them in the night; and the Lamb of God appears among us.
The river Severn stay'd his course at my command:
Thames poured his waters into my basons and baths:
35 Medway mingled with Kishon: Thames reciev'd the heavenly Jordan.
Albion gave me to the whole Earth to walk up & down; to pour
Joy upon every mountain, to teach songs to the shepherd & plowman.
I taught the ships of the sea to sing the songs of Zion.
Italy saw me, in sublime astonishment: France was wholly mine,
40 As my garden & as my secret bath: Spain was my heavenly couch,
I slept in his golden hills; the Lamb of God met me there,
There we walked as in our secret chamber among our little ones.
They looked upon our loves with joy: they beheld our secret joys:
With holy raptures of adoration rap'd sublime in the visions of God.
45 Germany, Poland & the North wooed my footsteps, they found
My gates in all their mountains & my curtains in all their vales:

- The furniture of their houses was the furniture of my chamber.
 Turkey & Grecia saw my instr[u]ments of music, they arose,
 They siez'd the harp, the flute, the mellow horn of Jerusalem's joy,
 50 They sounded thanksgivings in my courts: Egypt & Lybia heard,
 The swarthy sons of Ethiopia stood round the Lamb of God
 Enquiring for Jerusalem: he led them up my steps to my altar.
 And thou, America! I once beheld thee but now behold no more
 Thy golden mountains where my Cherubim & Seraphim rejoic'd
 55 Together among my little-ones. But now, my Altars run with blood,
 My fires are corrupt, my incense is a cloudy pestilence
 Of seven diseases! Once a continual cloud of salvation rose
 From all my myriads: once the Four-fold World rejoic'd among
 The pillars of Jerusalem, between my winged Cherubim:
 60 But now I am clos'd out from them in the narrow passages
 Of the valleys of destruction, into a dark land of pitch & bitumen,
 From Albion's Tomb afar and from the four-fold wonders of God,
 Shrunk to a narrow doleful form in the dark land of Cabul;
 There is Reuben & Gad & Joseph & Judah & Levi, clos'd up
 65 In narrow vales; I walk & count the bones of my beloveds
 Along the Valley of Destruction, among these Druid Temples
 Which overspread all the Earth in patriarchal pomp & cruel pride.
 Tell me, O Vala, thy purposes; tell me wherefore thy shuttles
 Drop with the gore of the slain; why Euphrates is red with blood;
 70 Wherefore in dreadful majesty & beauty outside appears
 Thy Masculine from thy Feminine, hardening against the heavens
 To devour the Human! Why dost thou weep upon the wind among
 These cruel Druid Temples? O Vala! Humanity is far above
 Sexual organization, & the Visions of the Night of Beulah,
 75 Where Sexes wander in dreams of bliss among the Emanations,
 Where the Masculine & Feminine are nurs'd into Youth & Maiden
 By the tears and smiles of Beulah's Daughters till the time of Sleep is past:
 Wherefore then do you realize these nets of beauty & delusion
 In open day to draw the souls of the Dead into the light,
 80 Till Albion is shut out from every Nation under Heaven?

- p. 80 ENCOMPASS'D by the frozen Net and by the rooted Tree
 I walk weeping in pangs of a Mother's torment for her Children.
 I walk in affliction: I am a worm, and no living soul!
 A worm going to eternal torment: rais'd up in a night
 5 To an eternal night of pain, lost! lost! lost! for ever!

Beside her Vala howl'd upon the winds in pride of beauty,

Lamenting among the timbrels of the Warriors, among the Captives
 In cruel holiness: and her lamenting songs were from Arnon
 And Jordan to Euphrates. Jerusalem follow'd trembling
 10 Her children in captivity, listening to Vala's lamentation
 In the thick cloud & darkness, & the voice went forth from
 The cloud. O rent in sunder from Jerusalem the Harlot daughter!
 In an eternal condemnation, in fierce burning flames
 Of torment unendurable: and if once a Delusion be found
 15 Woman must perish & the Heavens of Heavens remain no more.

My Father gave to me command to murder Albion
 In unreviving Death: my Love, my Luvah order'd me in night
 To murder Albion, the King of Men: he fought in battles fierce,
 He conquer'd Luvah my beloved: he took me and my Father,
 20 He slew them: I revived them to life in my warm bosom.
 He saw them issue from my bosom, dark in Jealousy
 He burn'd before me; Luvah fram'd the Knife & Luvah gave
 The Knife into his daughter's hand; such thing was never known
 Before in Albion's land, that one should die a death never to be reviv'd!
 25 For in our battles we the Slain men view with pity and love,
 We soon revive them in the secret of our tabernacles.
 But I Vala, Luvah's daughter, keep his body embalm'd in moral laws,
 With spices of sweet odours of lovely jealous stupefaction,
 Within my bosom, lest he arise to life & slay my Luvah.
 30 Pity me then O Lamb of God! O Jesus pity me!
 Come into Luvah's Tents and seek not to revive the Dead!

So sang she: and the Spindle turn'd furious as she sang:
 The Children of Jerusalem, the Souls of those who sleep,
 Were caught into the flax of her Distaff, & in her Cloud,
 35 To weave Jerusalem a body according to her will,
 A Dragon form on Zion Hill's most ancient promontory.

The Spindle turn'd in blood & fire: loud sound the trumpets
 Of war: the cymbals play loud before the Captains,
 With Cambel & Gwendolen in dance and solemn song.
 40 The Cloud of Rahab vibrating with the Daughters of Albion,
 Los saw terrified, melted with pity & divided in wrath:
 He sent them over the narrow seas in pity and love
 Among the Four Forests of Albion which overspread all the Earth.
 They go forth & return swift as a flash of lightning,
 45 Among the tribes of warriors, among the Stones of power:

Against Jerusalem they rage thro' all the Nations of Europe,
Thro' Italy & Grecia, to Lebanon & Persia & India.

The Serpent Temples thro' the Earth, from the wide Plain of Salisbury,
Resound with cries of Victims, shouts & songs & dying groans
50 And flames of dusky fire, to Amalek, Canaan and Moab.
And Rahab like a dismal and indefinite hovering Cloud
Refus'd to take a definite form, she hover'd over all the Earth
Calling the definite, sin, defacing every definite form:
Invisible or Visible, stretch'd out in length or spread in breadth
55 Over the Temples, drinking groans of victims weeping in pity,
And joying in the pity, howling over Jerusalem's walls.

Hand slept on Skiddaw's tops, drawn by the love of beautiful
Cambel: his bright beaming Counterpart, divided from him.
And her delusive light beam'd fierce above the Mountain,
60 Soft, invisible, drinking his sighs in sweet intoxication:
Drawing out fibre by fibre, returning to Albion's Tree
At night, and in the morning to Skiddaw: she sent him over
Mountainous Wales into the Loom of Cathedron fibre by fibre:
He ran in tender nerves across Europe to Jerusalem's Shade,
65 To weave Jerusalem a Body repugnant to the Lamb.

Hyle on East Moor, in rocky Derbyshire, rav'd to the Moon
For Gwendolen: she took up in bitter tears his anguish'd heart,
That apparent to all in Eternity glows like the Sun in the breast:
She hid it in his ribs & back: she hid his tongue with teeth
70 In terrible convulsions, pitying & gratified, drunk with pity,
Glowing with loveliness before him, becoming apparent
According to his changes: she roll'd his kidneys round
Into two irregular forms: and looking on Albion's dread Tree,
She wove two vessels of seed, beautiful as Skiddaw's snow,
75 Giving them bends of self interest & selfish natural virtue:
She hid them in his loins; raving he ran among the rocks,
Compell'd into a shape of Moral Virtue against the Lamb,
The invisible lovely one giving him a form according to
His Law, a form against the Lamb of God, oppos'd to Mercy,
80 And playing in the thunderous Loom in sweet intoxication:
Filling cups of silver & crystal with shrieks & cries, with groans
And dolorous sobs: the wine of lovers in the Wine-press of Luvah.

O sister Cambel, said Gwendolen, as their long beaming light
Mingled above the Mountain, what shall we do to keep
85 These awful forms in our soft bands: distracted with trembling

- p. 81 I HAVE mock'd those who refused cruelty, & I have admired
 The cruel Warrior, I have refused to give love to Merlin the piteous.
 He brings to me the Images of his Love & I reject in chastity
 And turn them out into the streets for Harlots, to be food
 5 To the stern Warrior. I am become perfect in beauty over my Warrior,
 For Men are caught by Love: Woman is caught by Pride,
 That Love may only be obtain'd in the passages of Death.
 Let us look: let us examine: is the Cruel become an Infant
 Or is he still a cruel Warrior? look Sisters, look! O piteous!
 10 I have destroy'd Wand'ring Reuben who strove to bind my Will,
 I have strip'd off Joseph's beautiful integument for my Beloved,
 The Cruel-one of Albion, to clothe him in gems of my Zone.
 I have named him Jehovah of Hosts. Humanity is become
 A weeping Infant in ruin'd lovely Jerusalem's folding Cloud!
 15 In Heaven Love begets Love: but Fear is the Parent of Earthly Love!
 16 And he who will not bend to Love must be subdu'd by Fear.

- p. 82 I HAVE heard Jerusalem's groans; from Vala's cries & lamentations
 I gather our eternal fate, Outcasts from life and love:
 Unless we find a way to bind these awful Forms to our
 Embrace we shall perish annihilate, discover'd our Delusions.
 5 Look! I have wrought without delusion: Look! I have wept:
 And given soft milk mingled together with the spirits of flocks
 Of lambs and doves, mingled together in cups and dishes
 Of painted clay; the mighty Hyle is become a weeping infant:
 Soon shall the Spectres of the Dead follow my weaving threads.
 10 The Twelve Daughters of Albion attentive listen in secret shades
 On Cambridge and Oxford beaming soft, uniting with Rahab's cloud,
 While Gwendolen spoke to Cambel, turning soft the spinning reel:
 Or throwing the wing'd shuttle: or drawing the cords with softest songs.
 The golden cords of the Looms animate beneath their touches soft,
 15 Along the Island white, among the Druid Temples, while Gwendolen
 Spoke to the Daughters of Albion standing on Skiddaw's top.
 So saying she took a Falshood & hid it in her left hand:
 To entice her Sisters away to Babylon on Euphrates.
 And thus she closed her left hand and utter'd her Falshood:
 20 Forgetting that Falshood is prophetic, she hid her hand behind her,
 Upon her back behind her loins & thus utter'd her Deceit.
 I heard Enitharmon say to Los: Let the Daughters of Albion
 Be scatter'd abroad and let the name of Albion be forgotten:

- Divide them into three; name them Amalek, Canaan & Moab.
- 25 Let Albion remain a desolation without an inhabitant:
 And let the Looms of Enitharmon & the Furnaces of Los
 Create Jerusalem, & Babylon & Egypt & Moab & Amalek,
 And Helle & Hesperia & Hindostan & China & Japan:
 But hide America, for a Curse, an Altar of Victims & a Holy Place.
- 30 See Sisters, Canaan is pleasant, Egypt is as the Garden of Eden:
 Babylon is our chief desire, Moab our bath in summer:
 Let us lead the stems of this Tree, let us plant it before Jerusalem,
 To judge the Friend of Sinners to death without the Veil:
 To cut her off from America, to close up her secret Ark:
- 35 And the fury of Man exhaust in War, Woman permanent remain.
 See how the fires of our loins point eastward to Babylon!
 Look, Hyle is become an infant Love! look! behold! see him lie
 Upon my bosom, look! here is the lovely wayward form
 That gave me sweet delight by his torments beneath my Veil!
- 40 By the fruit of Albion's Tree I have fed him with sweet milk,
 By contentions of the mighty for Sacrifice of Captives:
 Humanity, the Great Delusion, is chang'd to War & Sacrifice:
 I have nail'd his hands on Beth Rabbim & his hands on Heshbon's Wall:
 O that I could live in his sight: O that I could bind him to my arm.
- 45 So saying, She drew aside her Veil from Mam-Tor to Dovedale,
 Discovering her own perfect beauty to the Daughters of Albion
 And Hyle a winding Worm beneath
 and not a weeping Infant.
 Trembling & pitying she scream'd & fled upon the wind:
 Hyle was a winding Worm and herself perfect in beauty:
- 50 The desarts tremble at his wrath, they shrink themselves in fear.
 Cambel trembled with jealousy: she trembled! she envied!
 The envy ran thro' Cathedron's Looms into the Heart
 Of mild Jerusalem, to destroy the Lamb of God. Jerusalem
 Languish'd upon Mount Olivet, East of mild Zion's Hill.
- 55 Los saw the envious blight above his Seventh Furnace,
 On London's Tower on the Thames: he drew Cambel in wrath
 Into his thundering Bellows, heaving it for a loud blast:
 And with the blast of his Furnace upon fishy Billingsgate,
 Beneath Albion's fatal Tree, before the Gate of Los,
- 60 Shew'd her the fibres of her beloved to ameliorate
 The envy: loud she labour'd in the Furnace of fire,
 To form the mighty form of Hand according to her will.
 In the Furnaces of Los & in the Wine-press treading day & night,

- Naked among the human clusters: bringing wine of anguish
 65 To feed the afflicted in the Furnaces: she minded not
 The raging flames, tho' she return'd instead of beauty
 Deformity: she gave her beauty to another: bearing abroad
 Her struggling torment in her iron arms: and like a chain,
 Binding his wrists & ankles with the iron arms of love.
- 70 Gwendolen saw the Infant in her sister's arms: she howl'd
 Over the forests with bitter tears, and over the winding Worm,
 Repentant: and she also in the eddy wind of Los's Bellows
 Began her dolorous task of love in the Wine-press of Luvah,
 To form the Worm into a form of love by tears & pain.
- 75 The Sisters saw: trembling ran thro' their Looms, soften[ing] mild
 Towards London: then they saw the Furna[c]es open'd, & in tears
 Began to give their souls away in the Furna[c]es of affliction.
- Los saw & was comforted at his Furnaces, uttering thus his voice.
 I know I am Urthona, keeper of the Gates of Heaven,
 80 And that I can at will expatiate in the Gardens of bliss;
 But pangs of love draw me down to my loins, which are
 82 Become a fountain of veiny pipes: O Albion! my brother!

- p. 83 CORRUPT[ABILITY] appears upon thy limbs, and never more
 Can I arise and leave thy side, but labour here incessant
 Till thy awaking: yet alas, I shall forget Eternity!
 Against the Patriarchal pomp and cruelty labouring incessant
 5 I shall become an Infant horror. Enion! Tharmas! friends!
 Absorb me not in such dire grief: O Albion, my brother!
 Jerusalem hungers in the desert; affection to her children!
 The scorn'd and contemn'd youthful girl, where shall she fly?
 Sussex shuts up her Villages. Hants, Devon & Wilts,
 10 Surrounded with masses of stone in order'd forms, determine then
 A form for Vala and a form for Luvah, here on the Thames,
 Where the Victim nightly howls beneath the Druid's knife:
 A Form of Vegetation, nail them down on the stems of Mystery.
 O when shall the Saxon return with the English his redeemed brother?
 15 O when shall the Lamb of God descend among the Reprobate?
 I woo to Amalek to protect my fugitives, Amalek trembles:
 I call to Canaan & Moab in my night watches, they mourn:
 They listen not to my cry, they rejoice among their warriors.
 Woden and Thor and Friga wholly consume my Saxons,
 20 On their enormous Altars built in the terrible north.

- From Ireland's rocks to Scandinavia, Persia and Tartary,
 From the Atlantic Sea to the universal Erythrean,
 Found ye London! enormous City! weeps thy River?
 Upon his parent bosom lay thy little ones, O Land
 25 Forsaken. Surrey and Sussex are Enitharmon's Chamber,
 Where I will build her a Couch of repose & my pillars
 Shall surround her in beautiful labyrinths: Oothoon?
 Where hides my child? in Oxford hidest thou with Antamon?
 In graceful hidings of error, in merciful deceit,
 30 Lest Hand the terrible destroy his Affection, thou hidest her:
 In chaste appearances for sweet deceits of love & modesty,
 Immingled, interwoven, glistening to the sickening sight.
 Let Cambel and her Sisters sit within the Mundane Shell:
 Forming the fluctuating Globe according to their will,
 35 According as they weave the little embryon nerves & veins,
 The Eye, the little Nostrils, & the delicate Tongue & Ears
 Of labyrinthine intricacy: so shall they fold the World,
 That whatever is seen upon the Mundane shell, the same
 Be seen upon the Fluctuating Earth woven by the Sisters.
 40 And sometimes the Earth shall roll in the Abyss & sometimes
 Stand in the Center & sometimes stretch flat in the Expanse,
 According to the will of the lovely Daughters of Albion,
 Sometimes it shall assimilate with mighty Golgonooza,
 Touching its summits: & sometimes divided roll apart.
 45 As a beautiful Veil so these Females shall fold & unfold
 According to their will the outside surface of the Earth,
 An outside shadowy Surface superadded to the real Surface:
 Which is unchangeable for ever & ever. Amen: so be it!
 Separate Albion's Sons gently from their Emanations,
 50 Weaving powers of delight on the current of infant Thames
 Where the old Parent still retains his youth, as I, alas!
 Retain my youth eight thousand and five hundred years.
 The labourer of ages in the Valleys of Despair!
 The land is mark'd for desolation & unless we plant
 55 The seeds of Cities & of Villages in the Human bosom
 Albion must be a rock of blood: mark ye the points
 Where Cities shall remain, & where Villages: for the rest,
 It must lie in confusion till Albany's time of awaking.
 Place the Tribes of Llewellyn in America for a hiding place,
 60 Till sweet Jerusalem emanates again into Eternity.
 The night falls thick: I go upon my watch: be attentive:
 The Sons of Albion go forth; I follow from my Furnaces,

That they return no more: that a place be prepared on Euphrates.
Listen to your Watchmans voice: sleep not before the Furnaces:
65 Eternal Death stands at the door. O God, pity our labours.

So Los spoke to the Daughters of Beulah, while his Emanation
Like a faint rainbow waved before him in the awful gloom
Of London City on the Thames from Surrey Hills to Highgate:
Swift turn the silver spindles, & the golden weights play soft
70 And lulling harmonies beneath the Looms, from Caithness in the north
To Lizard-point & Dover in the south: his Emanation
Joy'd in the many weaving threads in bright Cathedron's Dome,
Weaving the Web of life for Jerusalem: the Web of life
Down flowing into Entuthon's Vales glistens with soft affections.

75 While Los arose upon his Watch, and down from Golgonooza,
Putting on his golden sandals to walk from mountain to mountain,
He takes his way, girding himself with gold & in his hand
Holding his iron mace: The Spectre remains attentive.
Alternate they watch in night; alternate labour in day,
80 Before the Furnaces labouring, while Los all night watches
The stars rising & setting, & the meteors & terrors of night.
With him went down the Dogs of Leutha at his feet,
They lap the water of the trembling Thames, then follow swift.
And thus he heard the voice of Albion's daughters on Euphrates.

85 Our Father Albion's land: O, it was a lovely land! & the Daughters of Beulah
Walked up and down in its green mountains; but Hand is fled
87 Away, & mighty Hyle; & after them Jerusalem is gone: Awake

P. 84 HIGHGATE'S heights & Hampstead's, to Poplar, Hackney & Bow;
To Islington & Paddington & the Brook of Albion's River.
We builded Jerusalem as a City & a Temple; from Lambeth
We began our Foundations; lovely Lambeth, O lovely Hills
5 Of Camberwell, we shall behold you no more in glory & pride,
For Jerusalem lies in ruins & the Furnaces of Los are builded there:
You are now shrunk up to a narrow Rock in the midst of the Sea.
But here we build Babylon on Euphrates, compell'd to build
And to inhabit, our Little-ones to clothe in armour of the gold
10 Of Jerusalem's Cherubims & to forge them swords of her Altars.
I see London blind & age bent begging thro' the Streets
Of Babylon, led by a child, his tears run down his beard.
The voice of Wandering Reuben ecchoes from street to street,
In all the Cities of the Nations, Paris, Madrid, Amsterdam.

15 The Corner of Broad Street weeps; Poland Street languishes
To Great Queen Street & Lincoln's Inn: all is distress & woe.

The night falls thick: Hand comes from Albion in his strength:
He combines into a Mighty-one, the Double Molech & Chemosh,
Marching thro' Egypt in his fury: the East is pale at his course:

20 The Nations of India, the Wild Tartar that never knew Man,
Starts from his lofty places & casts down his tents & flees away.
But we woo him all the night in songs. O Los come forth, O Los
Divide us from these terrors & give us power them to subdue.
Arise upon thy Watches, let us see thy Globe of fire
25 On Albion's Rocks & let thy voice be heard upon Euphrates.

Thus sang the Daughters in lamentation, uniting into One
With Rahab as she turn'd the iron Spindle of destruction.
Terrified at the Sons of Albion they took the Falshood which

29 Gwendolen hid in her left hand, it grew & grew till it

p. 85 BECAME a Space & an Allegory around the Winding Worm:
They nam'd it Canaan & built for it a tender Moon.

Los smil'd with joy, thinking on Enitharmon, & he brought
Reuben from his twelvefold wand'rings & led him into it,

5 Planting the Seeds of the Twelve Tribes & Moses & David:
And gave a Time & Revolution to the Space, Six Thousand Years.
He call'd it Divine Analogy, for in Beulah the Feminine
Emanations Create Space, the Masculine Create Time, & plant
The Seeds of beauty in the Space: list'ning to their lamentation
10 Los walks upon his ancient Mountains in the deadly darkness,
Among his Furnaces directing his laborious Myriads, watchful
Looking to the East: & his voice is heard over the whole Earth
As he watches the Furnaces by night, & directs the labourers.

And thus Los replies upon his Watch: the Valleys listen silent,

15 The Stars stand still to hear: Jerusalem & Vala cease to mourn:
His voice is heard from Albion: the Alps & Appenines
Listen: Hermon & Lebanon bow their crowned heads:
Babel & Shinar look toward the Western Gate, they sit down
Silent at his voice; they view the red Globe of fire in Los's hand,
20 As he walks from Furnace to Furnace directing the labourers.
And this is the Song of Los, the Song that he sings on his Watch.

O lovely mild Jerusalem! O Shiloh of Mount Ephraim!
I see thy Gates of precious stones; thy Walls of gold & silver.
Thou art the soft reflected Image of the Sleeping Man,

- 25 Who stretch'd on Albion's rocks reposes amidst his Twenty-eight
 Cities; where Beulah lovely terminates, in the hills & valleys of Albion.
 Cities not yet embodied in Time and Space: plant ye
 The Seeds, O Sisters, in the bosom of Time & Space's womb
 To spring up for Jerusalem: lovely Shadow of Sleeping Albion.
 30 Why wilt thou rend thyself apart & build an Earthly Kingdom,
 To reign in pride & to oppress & to mix the Cup of Delusion,
 32 O thou that dwellest with Babylon! Come forth, O lovely-one!

- p. 86 I SEE thy Form, O lovely mild Jerusalem, Wing'd with Six Wings
 In the opacous Bosom of the Sleeper, lovely Three fold
 In Head & Heart & Reins, three Universes of love & beauty.
 Thy forehead bright: Holiness to the Lord: with Gates of pearl
 5 Reflects Eternity beneath thy azure wings of feathery down,
 Ribb'd delicate & cloth'd with feather'd gold & azure & purple,
 From thy white shoulders shadowing, purity in holiness!
 Thence feather'd with soft crimson of the ruby bright as fire
 Spreading into the azure Wings which like a canopy
 10 Bends over thy immortal Head, in which Eternity dwells.
 Albion, beloved Land! I see thy mountains & thy hills
 And valleys & thy pleasant Cities, Holiness to the Lord.
 I see the Spectres of thy Dead, O Emanation of Albion.

- Thy Bosom white, translucent, cover'd with immortal gems,
 15 A sublime ornament not obscuring the outlines of beauty,
 Terrible to behold for thy extreme beauty & perfection:
 Twelve-fold, here all the Tribes of Israel I behold
 Upon the Holy Land: I see the River of Life & Tree of Life,
 I see the New Jerusalem descending out of Heaven
 20 Between thy Wings of gold & silver feather'd, immortal,
 Clear as the rainbow, as the cloud of the Sun's tabernacle.

- Thy Reins cover'd with Wings translucent, sometimes covering
 And sometimes spread abroad, reveal the flames of holiness,
 Which like a robe covers, & like a Veil of Seraphim
 25 In flaming fire unceasing burns from Eternity to Eternity.
 Twelfefold I there behold Israel in her Tents.
 A Pillar of a Cloud by day: a Pillar of fire by night
 Guides them: there I behold Moab & Ammon & Amalek.
 There Bells of silver round thy knees living articulate
 30 Comforting sounds of love & harmony, & on thy feet
 Sandals of gold & pearl, & Egypt & Assyria before me,
 The Isles of Javan, Philistea, Tyre & Lebanon.

Thus Los sings upon his Watch, walking from Furnace to Furnace.
He siezes his Hammer every hour: flames surround him as
35 He beats; seas roll beneath his feet, tempests muster
Around his head, the thick hail stones stand ready to obey
His voice in the black cloud, his Sons labour in thunders
At his Furnaces; his Daughters at their Looms sing woes.
His Emanation separates in milky fibres agonizing
40 Among the golden Looms of Cathedron, sending fibres of love
From Golgonooza with sweet visions for Jerusalem, wanderer.

Nor can any consummate bliss without being Generated
On Earth, of those whose Emanations weave the loves
Of Beulah for Jerusalem & Shiloh, in immortal Golgonooza,
45 Concentering in the majestic form of Erin in eternal tears,
Viewing the Winding Worm on the Desarts of Great Tartary,
Viewing Los in his shudderings, pouring balm on his sorrows:
So dread is Los's fury, that none dare him to approach
Without becoming his Children in the Furnaces of affliction.

50 And Enitharmon like a faint rainbow waved before him,
Filling with Fibres from his loins which redden'd with desire
Into a Globe of blood beneath his bosom, trembling in darkness
Of Albion's clouds: he fed it, with his tears & bitter groans
Hiding his Spectre in invisibility from the timorous Shade
55 Till it became a separated cloud of beauty, grace & love,
Among the darkness of his Furnaces dividing asunder till
She separated stood before him, a lovely Female weeping,
Even Enitharmon separated outside, & his Loins closed
And heal'd after the separation: his pains he soon forgot,
60 Lured by her beauty outside of himself in shadowy grief.
Two Wills they had: Two Intellects: & not as in times of old.

Silent they wander'd hand in hand like two Infants wand'ring
From Enion in the desarts, terrified at each others beauty,
64 Envying each other yet desiring, in all devouring Love.

p. 87 REPELLING weeping Enion, blind & age-bent, into the fourfold
Desarts, Los first broke silence & began to utter his love.

O lovely Enitharmon! I behold thy graceful forms
Moving beside me till, intoxicated with the woven labyrinth
5 Of beauty & perfection, my wild fibres shoot in veins
Of blood thro' all my nervous limbs: soon overgrown in roots
I shall be closed from thy sight, sieze therefore in thy hand

The small fibres as they shoot around me: draw out in pity
 And let them run on the winds of thy bosom: I will fix them
 10 With pulsations, we will divide them into Sons & Daughters,
 To live in thy Bosom's translucence as in an eternal morning.
 Enitharmon answer'd. No! I will sieze thy fibres & weave
 Them, not as thou wilt but as I will, for I will Create
 A round Womb beneath my bosom, lest I also be overwoven
 15 With Love; be thou assured I never will be thy slave.
 Let Man's delight be Love; but Woman's delight be Pride.
 In Eden our Loves were the same, here they are opposite.
 I have Loves of my own, I will weave them in Albion's Spectre.
 Cast thou in Jerusalem's shadows thy Loves; silk of liquid
 20 Rubies, Jacinths, Crysolites, issuing from thy Furnaces. While
 Jerusalem divides thy care, while thou carest for Jerusalem,
 Know that I never will be thine: also thou hidest Vala:
 From her these fibres shoot to shut me in a Grave.
 24 You are Albion's Victim, he has set his Daughter in your path.

P. 88 LOS answer'd, sighing like the Bellows of his Furnaces.

I care not! the swing of my Hammer shall measure the starry round.
 When in Eternity Man converses with Man they enter
 Into each others Bosom (which are Universes of delight)
 5 In mutual interchange, and first their Emanations meet
 Surrounded by their Children: if they embrace & comingle
 The Human Four-fold Forms mingle also in thunders of Intellect.
 But if the Emanations mingle not: with storms & agitations
 Of earthquakes & consuming fires they roll apart in fear.
 10 For Man cannot unite with Man but by their Emanations,
 Which stand both Male & Female at the Gates of each Humanity.
 How then can I ever again be united as Man with Man
 While thou, my Emanation, refusest my Fibres of dominion?
 When Souls mingle & join thro' all the Fibres of Brotherhood
 15 Can there be any secret joy on Earth greater than this?

Enitharmon answer'd: This is Woman's World, nor need she any
 Spectre to defend her from Man. I will Create secret places,
 And the masculine names of the places, Merlin & Arthur.
 A triple Female Tabernacle for Moral Law I weave
 20 That he who loves Jesus may loathe terrified Female love,
 Till God himself become a Male subservient to the Female.

She spoke in scorn & jealousy, alternate torments; and

So speaking she sat down on Sussex shore, singing lulling
 Cadences, & playing in sweet intoxication among the glistening
 25 Fibres of Los: sending them over the Ocean eastward into
 The realms of dark death; O perverse to thyself, contrarious
 To thy own purposes! for when she began to weave,
 Shooting out in sweet pleasure, her bosom in milky Love
 Flow'd into the aching fibres of Los, yet contending against him,
 30 In pride send(ind)ing his Fibres over to her objects of jealousy,
 In the little lovely Allegoric Night of Albion's Daughters
 Which stretch'd abroad, expanding east & west & north & south,
 Thro' all the World of Erin & of Los & all their Children.

A sullen smile broke from the Spectre in mockery & scorn:
 35 Knowing himself the author of their divisions & shrinkings, gratified
 At their contentions, he wiped his tears, he wash'd his visage.

The Man who respects Woman shall be despised by Woman:
 And deadly cunning, & mean abjectness only, shall enjoy them.
 For I will make their places of joy & love, excrementitious,
 40 Continually building, continually destroying in Family feuds.
 While you are under the dominion of a jealous Female,
 Unpermanent for ever because of love & jealousy,
 You shall want all the Minute Particulars of Life.

Thus joy'd the Spectre in the dusky fires of Los's Forge, eyeing
 45 Enitharmon who at her shining Looms sings lulling cadences,
 While Los stood at his Anvil in wrath, the victim of their love
 And hate: dividing the Space of Love with brazen Compasses
 In Golgonooza & in Udan-Adan & in Entuthon of Urizen.

The blow of his Hammer is Justice, the swing of his Hammer Mercy,
 50 The force of Los's Hammer is eternal Forgiveness; but
 His rage or his mildness were vain, she scatter'd his love on the wind
 Eastward into her own Center, creating the Female Womb
 In mild Jerusalem around the Lamb of God. Loud howl
 The Furnaces of Los! loud roll the Wheels of Enitharmon!
 55 The Four Zoas in all their faded majesty burst out in fury
 And fire. Jerusalem took the Cup which foam'd in Vala's hand,
 Like the red Sun upon the mountains in the bloody day,
 58 Upon the Hermaphroditic Wine-presses of Love & Wrath.

p. 89 THO' divided by the Cross & Nails & Thorns & Spear,
 In cruelties of Rahab & Tirzah permanent endure
 A terrible indefinite Hermaphroditic form:

A Wine-press of Love & Wrath, double, Hermaphroditic,
5 Twelvefold in Allegoric pomp, in selfish holiness:
The Pharisaion, the Grammateis, the Presbuterion,
The Archiereus, the Iereus, the Saddusaion, double
Each withoutside of the other, covering eastern heaven.

Thus was the Covering Cherub reveal'd, majestic image
10 Of Selfhood, Body put off, the Antichrist accursed,
Cover'd with precious stones, a Human Dragon terrible
And bright, stretch'd over Europe & Asia gorgeous.
In three nights he devour'd the rejected corse of death.

His Head dark, deadly, in its Brain incloses a reflexion
15 Of Eden all perverted: Egypt on the Gihon, many tongued
And many mouth'd: Ethiopia, Lybia, the Sea of Rephaim.
Minute Particulars in slavery I behold among the brick-kilns
Disorganiz'd, & there is Pharoh in his iron Court:
And the Dragon of the River & the Furnaces of iron.
20 Outwoven from Thames & Tweed & Severn, awful streams,
Twelve ridges of Stone frown over all the Earth in tyrant pride,
Frown over each River, stupendous Works of Albion's Druid Sons
And Albion's Forests of Oaks cover'd the Earth from Pole to Pole.

His Bosom wide reflects Moab & Ammon on the River
25 Pison, since call'd Arnon, there is Heshbon beautiful,
The Rocks of Rabbath on the Arnon & the Fish-pools of Heshbon
Whose currents flow into the Dead Sea by Sodom & Gomorra.
Above his Head high arching Wings, black, fill'd with Eyes,
Spring upon iron sinews from the Scapulæ & Os Humeri.
30 There Israel in bondage to his Generalizing Gods,
Molech & Chemosh, & in his left breast is Philistea
In Druid Temples over the whole Earth with Victim's Sacrifice,
From Gaza to Damascus, Tyre & Sidon & the Gods
Of Javan, thro' the Isles of Grecia & all Europe's Kings,
35 Where Hiddekel pursues his course among the rocks.
Two Wings spring from his ribs of brass, starry, black as night,
But translucent their blackness as the dazling of gems.

His Loins inclose Babylon on Euphrates beautiful,
And Rome in sweet Hesperia, there Israel scatter'd abroad
40 In martyrdoms & slavery I behold: ah vision of sorrow!
Inclosed by eyeless Wings, glowing with fire as the iron
Heated in the Smith's forge, but cold the wind of their dread Fury.

But in the midst of a devouring Stomach, Jerusalem
 Hidden within the Covering Cherub as in a Tabernacle
 45 Of threefold workmanship, in allegoric delusion & woe.
 There the Seven Kings of Canaan & Five Baalim of Philistea,
 Sihon & Og, the Anakim & Emim, Nephilim & Gibborim,
 From Babylon to Rome: & the Wings spread from Japan,
 Where the Red Sea terminates the World of Generation & Death,
 50 To Irelands farthest rocks where Giants builded their Causeway
 Into the Sea of Rephaim, but the Sea o'erwhelm'd them all.

A Double Female now appear'd within the Tabernacle,
 Religion hid in War, a Dragon red & hidden Harlot,
 Each within other, but without a Warlike Mighty-one,
 55 Of dreadful power, sitting upon Horeb pondering dire
 And mighty preparations, mustering multitudes innumerable
 Of warlike sons among the sands of Midian & Aram.
 For multitudes of those who sleep in Alla descend,
 Lured by his warlike symphonies of tabret pipe & harp,
 60 Burst the bottoms of the Graves & Funeral Arks of Beulah:
 Wandering in that unknown Night beyond the silent Grave
 62 They became One with the Antichrist & are absorb'd in him.

P. 90 THE Feminine separates from the Masculine & both from Man,
 Ceasing to be His Emanations, Life to Themselves assuming:
 And while they circumscribe his Brain, & while they circumscribe
 His Heart, & while they circumscribe his Loins: a Veil & Net
 5 Of Veins of red Blood grows around them like a scarlet robe,
 Covering them from the sight of Man like the woven Veil of Sleep,
 Such as the Flowers of Beulah weave to be their Funeral Mantles:
 But dark, opaque, tender to touch, & painful: & agonizing
 To the embrace of love, & to the mingling of soft fibres
 10 Of tender affection, that no more the Masculine mingles
 With the Feminine, but the sublime is shut out from the Pathos
 In howling torment, to build stone walls of separation, compelling
 The Pathos to weave curtains of hiding secrecy from the torment.

Bowen & Conwenna stood on Skiddaw cutting the Fibres
 15 Of Benjamin from Chester's River: loud the River, loud the Mersey
 And the Ribble, thunder into the Irish sea, as the Twelve Sons
 Of Albion drank & imbibed the Life & eternal Form of Luvah.
 Cheshire & Lancashire & Westmoreland groan in anguish.
 As they cut the fibres from the Rivers he sears them with hot
 20 Iron of his Forge, & fixes them into Bones of chalk & Rock.

Conwenna sat above: with solemn cadences she drew
Fibres of life out from the Bones into her golden Loom.
Hand had his Furnace on Highgate's heights & it reach'd
To Brockley Hills across the Thames; he with double Boadicea
25 In cruel pride cut Reuben apart from the Hills of Surrey,
Comingling with Luvah & with the Sepulcher of Luvah.
For the Male is a Furnace of beryll: the Female is a golden Loom.

Los cries: No Individual ought to appropriate to Himself
Or to his Emanation, any of the Universal Characteristics
30 Of David or of Eve, of the Woman, or of the Lord,
Of Reuben or of Benjamin, of Joseph or Judah or Levi.
Those who dare appropriate to themselves Universal Attributes
Are the Blasphemous Selfhoods & must be broken asunder.
A Vegetated Christ & a Virgin Eve, are the Hermaphroditic
35 Blasphemy: by his Maternal Birth he is that Evil-One
And his Maternal Humanity must be put off Eternally,
Lest the Sexual Generation swallow up Regeneration:
Come Lord Jesus, take on thee the Satanic Body of Holiness!

So Los cried in the Valleys of Middlesex in the Spirit of Prophecy,
40 While in Selfhood Hand & Hyle & Bowen & Skofeld appropriate
The Divine Names: seeking to Vegetate the Divine Vision
In a corporeal & ever dying Vegetation & Corruption:
Mingling with Luvah in One, they become One Great Satan.

Loud scream the Daughters of Albion beneath the Tongs & Hammer,
45 Dolorous are their lamentations in the burning Forge:
They drink Reuben & Benjamin as the iron drinks the fire:
They are red hot with cruelty: raving along the Banks of Thames
And on Tyburn's Brook, among the howling Victims in loveliness.
While Hand & Hyle condense the Little-ones & erect them into
50 A mighty Temple even to the stars: but they Vegetate
Beneath Los's Hammer, that Life may not be blotted out.

For Los said: When the Individual appropriates Universality
He divides into Male & Female: & when the Male & Female
Appropriate Individuality, they become an Eternal Death.
55 Hermaphroditic worshippers of a God of cruelty & law!
Your Slaves & Captives you compell to worship a God of Mercy.
These are the Demonstrations of Los & the blows of my mighty Hammer.

So Los spoke. And the Giants of Albion terrified & ashamed
With Los's thunderous Words, began to build trembling rocking Stones,

- 60 For his Words roll in thunders & lightnings among the Temples,
 Terrified rocking to & fro upon the earth, & sometimes
 Resting in a Circle in Malden or in Straithness or Dura,
 Plotting to devour Albion & Los the friend of Albion.
 Denying in private, mocking God & Eternal Life: & in Public
 65 Collusion, calling themselves Deists, Worshipping the Maternal
 Humanity: calling it Nature, and Natural Religion.
 But still the thunder of Los peals loud & thus the thunders cry:
 68 These beautiful Witchcrafts of Albion, are gratifyd by Cruelty.

- P. 91 IT is easier to forgive an Enemy than to forgive a Friend!
 The man who permits you to injure him, deserves your vengeance:
 He also will recieve it: go Spectre! obey my most secret desire,
 Which thou knowest without my speaking; Go to these Fiends of Righteousness,
 5 Tell them to obey their Humanities, & not pretend Holiness,
 When they are murderers: as far as my Hammer & Anvil permit.
 Go, tell them that the Worship of God, is honouring his gifts
 In other men: & loving the greatest men best, each according
 To his Genius, which is the Holy Ghost in Man; there is no other
 10 God, than that God who is the intellectual fountain of Humanity.
 He who envies or calumniates, which is murder & cruelty,
 Murders the Holy-one; Go tell them this & overthrow their cup,
 Their bread, their altar-table, their incense & their oath;
 Their marriage & their baptism, their burial & consecration.
 15 I have tried to make friends by corporeal gifts but have only
 Made enemies: I never made friends but by spiritual gifts,
 By severe contentions of friendship & the burning fire of thought.
 He who would see the Divinity must see him in his Children,
 One first, in friendship & love: then a Divine Family, & in the midst
 20 Jesus will appear; so he who wishes to see a Vision, a perfect Whole,
 Must see it in its Minute Particulars: Organized, & not as thou,
 O Fiend of Righteousness, pretendest: thine is a Disorganized
 And snowy cloud, brooder of tempests & destructive War.
 You smile with pomp & rigor: you talk of benevolence & virtue;
 25 I act with benevolence & Virtue & get murder'd time after time.
 You accumulate Particulars, & murder by analyzing, that you
 May take the aggregate: & you call the aggregate Moral Law:
 And you call that swell'd & bloated Form a Minute Particular.
 But General Forms have their vitality in Particulars: & every
 30 Particular is a Man: a Divine Member of the Divine Jesus.

So Los cried at his Anvil in the horrible darkness weeping.

The Spectre builded stupendous Works, taking the Starry Heavens
 Like to a curtain & folding them according to his will,
 Repeating the Smaragdine Table of Hermes to draw Los down
 35 Into the Indefinite, refusing to believe without demonstration.
 Los reads the Stars of Albion! the Spectre reads the Voids
 Between the Stars: among the arches of Albion's Tomb sublime
 Rolling the Sea in rocky paths: forming Leviathan
 And Behemoth; the War by Sea enormous & the War
 40 By Land astounding: erecting pillars in the deepest Hell,
 To reach the heavenly arches; Los beheld undaunted, furious,
 His heav'd Hammer: he swung it round & at one blow,
 In un pitying ruin driving down the pyramids of pride,
 Smiting the Spectre on his Anvil & the integuments of his Eye
 45 And Ear unbinding in dire pain, with many blows,
 Of strict severity self-subduing, & with many tears labouring.

Then he sent forth the Spectre: all his pyramids were grains
 Of sand & his pillars, dust on the fly's wing: & his starry
 Heavens, a moth of gold & silver mocking his anxious grasp.
 50 Thus Los alter'd his Spectre, & every Ratio of his Reason
 He alter'd time after time, with dire pain & many tears,
 Till he had completely divided him into a separate space.

Terrified Los sat to behold, trembling & weeping & howling.
 I care not whether a Man is Good or Evil; all that I care
 55 Is whether he is a Wise Man or a Fool. Go, put off Holiness
 And put on Intellect: or my thund'rous Hammer shall drive thee
 To wrath which thou condemnest: till thou obey my voice.
 58 So Los terrified cries; trembling & weeping & howling: Beholding.

P. 92 WHAT do I see! The Briton, Saxon, Roman, Norman amalgamating
 In my Furnaces into One Nation, the English: & taking refuge
 In the Loins of Albion. The Canaanite united with the fugitive
 Hebrew, whom she divided into Twelve, & sold into Egypt,
 5 Then scatter'd the Egyptian & Hebrew to the four Winds:
 This sinful Nation Created in our Furnaces & Looms is Albion.

So Los spoke. Enitharmon answer'd in great terror in Lambeth's Vale
 The Poet's Song draws to its period & Enitharmon is no more.
 For if he be that Albion I can never weave him in my Looms,
 10 But when he touches the first fibrous thread, like filmy dew
 My Looms will be no more & I annihilate vanish for ever.

Then thou wilt Create another Female according to thy Will.

- Los answer'd, swift as the shuttle of gold. Sexes must vanish & cease
To be, when Albion arises from his dread repose, O lovely Enitharmon;
15 When all their Crimes, their Punishments their Accusations of Sin,
All their Jealousies, Revenges, Murders, hidings of Cruelty in Deceit,
Appear only in the Outward Spheres of Visionary Space and Time,
In the shadows of Possibility by Mutual Forgiveness for evermore,
And in the Vision & in the Prophecy, that we may Foresee & Avoid
20 The terrors of Creation & Redemption & Judgment., Beholding them
Display'd in the Emanative Visions of Canaan, in Jerusalem & in Shiloh,
And in the Shadows of Remembrance, & in the Chaos of the Spectre,
Amalek, Edom, Egypt, Moab, Ammen, Asshur, Philistea, around Jerusalem:
Where the Druids rear'd their Rocky Circles to make permanent Remembrance
25 Of Sin, & the Tree of Good & Evil sprang from the Rocky Circle & Snake
Of the Druid, along the Valley of Rephaim from Camberwell to Golgotha,
27 And framed the Mundane Shell Cavernous in Length, Brea[d]th & Highth.

P. 93 ENITHARMON heard. She rais'd her head like the mild Moon.

- O Rintrah! O Palamabron! What are your dire & awful purposes?
Enitharmon's name is nothing before you: you forget all my Love,
The Mother's love of obedience is forgotten, & you seek a Love
5 Of the pride of dominion, that will Divorce Ocalythron & Elynittria,
Upon East Moor in Derbyshire & along the Valleys of Cheviot.
Could you Love me, Rintrah, if you Pride not in my Love,
As Reuben found Mandrakes in the field & gave them to his Mother.
Pride meets with Pride upon the Mountains in the stormy day
10 In that terrible Day of Rintrah's Plow & of Satan's driving the Team.
Ah! then I heard my little ones weeping along the Valley:
Ah! then I saw my beloved ones fleeing from my Tent.
Merlin was like thee Rintrah among the Giants of Albion,
Judah was like Palamabron: O Simeon! O Levi! ye fled away!
15 How can I hear my little ones weeping along the Valley,
Or how upon the distant Hills see my beloveds' Tents.

Then Los again took up his speech as Enitharmon ceas't.

- Fear not, my Sons, this Waking Death, he is become One with me.
Behold him here! We shall not Die! we shall be united in Jesus.
20 Will you suffer this Satan, this Body of Doubt that Seems but Is Not,
To occupy the very threshold of Eternal Life, if Bacon, Newton, Locke,
Deny a Conscience in Man & the Communion of Saints & Angels;
Contemning the Divine Vision & Fruition, Worshipping the Deus

- Of the Heathen, The God of This World, & the Goddess Nature,
 25 Mystery, Babylon the Great, The Druid Dragon & hidden Harlot.
 Is it not that Signal of the Morning which was told us in the Beginning?
 27 Thus they converse upon Mam-Tor, the Graves thunder under their feet.

p. 94 ALBION cold lays on his Rock: storms & snows beat round him,
 Beneath the Furnaces & the starry Wheels & the Immortal Tomb.
 Howling winds cover him: roaring seas dash furious against him:
 In the deep darkness broad lightnings glare, long thunders roll.

- 5 The weeds of Death inwrap his hands & feet, blown incessant
 And wash'd incessant by the for-ever restless sea-waves, foaming abroad
 Upon the white Rock. England, a Female Shadow, as deadly damps
 Of the Mines of Cornwall & Derbyshire lays upon his bosom heavy,
 Moved by the wind in volumes of thick cloud, returning, folding round
 10 His loins & bosom, unremovable by swelling storms & loud rending
 Of enraged thunders. Around them the Starry Wheels of their Giant Sons
 Revolve: & over them the Furnaces of Los & the Immortal Tomb around:
 Erin sitting in the Tomb, to watch them unceasing night and day:
 And the Body of Albion was closed apart from all Nations.
 15 Over them the famish'd Eagle screams on boney Wings, and around
 Them howls the Wolf of famine, deep heaves the Ocean black, thundering
 Around the wormy Garments of Albion: then pausing in deathlike silence.

- Time was Finished! The Breath Divine Breathed over Albion
 Beneath the Furnaces & starry Wheels and in the Immortal Tomb,
 20 And England who is Britannia awoke from Death on Albion's bosom:
 She awoke pale & cold, she fainted seven times on the Body of Albion.

- O piteous Sleep, O piteous Dream! O God, O God, awake! I have slain,
 In Dreams of Chasti(ty) & Moral Law I have Murdered Albion! Ah!
 In Stone-henge & on London Stone & in the Oak Groves of Malden
 25 I have Slain him in my Sleep, with the Knife of the Druid. O England,
 O all ye Nations of the Earth behold ye the Jealous Wife!
 27 The Eagle & the Wolf & Monkey & Owl & the King & Priest were there!

p. 95 HER voice pierc'd Albion's clay cold ear, he moved upon the Rock:
 The Breath Divine went forth upon the morning hills, Albion mov'd
 Upon the Rock, he open'd his eyelids in pain; in pain he mov'd
 His stony members, he saw England. Ah! shall the Dead live again?

- 5 The Breath Divine went forth over the morning hills, Albion rose
 In anger: the wrath of God breaking bright, flaming on all sides around

His awful limbs; into the Heavens he walked, clothed in flames
 Loud thund'ring, with broad flashes of flaming lightning & pillars
 Of fire, speaking the Words of Eternity in Human Forms, in direful
 10 Revolutions of Action & Passion, thro' the Four Elements on all sides
 Surrounding his awful Members. Thou seest the Sun in heavy clouds
 Struggling to rise above the Mountains, in his burning hand
 He takes his Bow, then chooses out his arrows of flaming gold.
 Murmuring the Bowstring breathes with ardor! clouds roll round the
 15 Horns of the wide Bow, loud sounding winds sport on the mountain brows;
 Compelling Urizen to his Furrow, & Tharmas to his Sheepfold,
 And Luvah to his Loom; Urthona he beheld mighty labouring at
 His Anvil, in the Great Spectre Los unwearied labouring & weeping.
 Therefore the Sons of Eden praise Urthona's Spectre in songs,
 20 Because he kept the Divine Vision in time of trouble.

As the Sun & Moon lead forward the Visions of Heaven & Earth
 England, who is Britannia, enter'd Albion's bosom rejoicing,
 Rejoicing in his indignation, adoring his wrathful rebuke.
 24 She who adores not your frowns will only loathe your smiles.

p. 96 AS the Sun & Moon lead forward the Visions of Heaven & Earth
 England, who is Britannia, entered Albion's bosom rejoicing.

Then Jesus appeared standing by Albion, as the Good Shepherd
 By the lost Sheep that he hath found, & Albion knew that it
 5 Was the Lord, the Universal Humanity, & Albion saw his Form
 A Man, & they conversed as Man with Man, in Ages of Eternity.
 And the Divine Appearance was the likeness & similitude of Los.

Albion said. O Lord what can I do: my Selfhood cruel
 Marches against thee, deceitful, from Sinai & from Edom
 10 Into the Wilderness of Judah to meet thee in his pride.
 I behold the Visions of my deadly Sleep of Six Thousand Years,
 Dazling around thy skirts like a Serpent of precious stones & gold:
 I know it is my Self: O my Divine Creator & Redeemer.

Jesus replied. Fear not Albion: unless I die thou canst not live:
 15 But if I die I shall arise again & thou with me.
 This is Friendship & Brotherhood: without it Man Is Not.

So Jesus spoke: the Covering Cherub coming on in darkness
 Overshadow'd them & Jesus said. Thus do Men in Eternity,
 One for another to put off, by forgiveness, every sin.

20 Albion reply'd. Cannot Man exist without Mysterious

Offering of Self for Another: is this Friendship & Brotherhood?
I see thee in the likeness & similitude of Los my Friend.

Jesus said. Wouldest thou love one who never died
For thee, or ever die for one who had not died for thee.

- 25 And if God dieth not for Man & giveth not himself
Eternally for Man, Man could not exist, for Man is Love,
As God is Love: every kindness to another is a little Death
In the Divine Image, nor can Man exist but by Brotherhood.

So saying the Cloud overshadowing divided them asunder.

- 30 Albion stood in terror: not for himself but for his Friend
Divine, & Self was lost in the contemplation of faith
And wonder at the Divine Mercy & at Los's sublime honour.

Do I sleep amidst danger to Friends! O my Cities & Counties
Do you sleep! rouse up, rouse up, Eternal Death is abroad!

- 35 So Albion spoke, & threw himself into the Furnaces of affliction.
All was a Vision, all a Dream: the Furnaces became
Fountains of Living Waters, flowing from the Humanity Divine.
And all the Cities of Albion rose from their Slumbers, and All
The Sons & Daughters of Albion on soft clouds, Waking from Sleep.
40 Soon all around remote the Heavens burnt with flaming fires,
And Urizen & Luvah & Tharmas & Urthona arose into
Albion's Bosom: Then Albion stood before Jesus in the Clouds
43 Of Heaven, Fourfold among the Visions of God in Eternity.

P. 97 AWAKE, Awake, Jerusalem! O lovely Emanation of Albion,
Awake, and overspread all Nations as in Ancient Time.
For lo! the Night of Death is past and the Eternal Day
Appears upon our Hills: Awake, Jerusalem, and come away!

- 5 So spake the Vision of Albion, & in him so spake in my hearing
The Universal Father. Then Albion stretch'd his hand into Infinitude,
And took his Bow. Fourfold the Vision, for bright beaming Urizen
Lay'd his hand on the South & took a breathing Bow of carved Gold,
Luvah his hand stretch'd to the East & bore a Silver Bow bright shining,
10 Tharmas Westward a Bow of Brass pure flaming richly wrought,
Urthona Northward in thick storms a Bow of Iron terrible thundering.

And the Bow is a Male & Female, & the Quiver of the Arrows of Love
Are the Children of his Bow; a Bow of Mercy & Loving-kindness, laying
Open the hidden Heart in Wars of mutual Benevolence, Wars of Love:

- 15 And the Hand of Man grasps firm between the Male & Female Loves.

And he Clothed himself in Bow & Arrows in awful state, Fourfold,
17 In the midst of his Twenty-eight Cities, each with his Bow breathing.

P. 98 THEN each an Arrow flaming from his Quiver fitted carefully:
They drew fourfold the unreprouable String, bending thro' the wide Heavens
The horned Bow Fourfold, loud sounding flew the flaming Arrow fourfold.

Murmuring the Bowstring breathes with ardor. Clouds roll round the horns
5 Of the wide Bow, loud sounding Winds sport on the Mountains' brows:
The Druid Spectre was Annihilate, loud thund'ring, rejoicing terrific, vanishing,
Fourfold Annihilation, & at the clangor of the Arrows of Intellect
The innumerable Chariots of the Almighty appear'd in Heaven,
And Bacon & Newton & Locke, & Milton & Shakspear & Chaucer.
10 A Sun of blood red wrath surrounding heaven on all sides around,
Glorious, incomprehensible by Mortal Man, & each Chariot was Sexual Twofold.

And every Man stood Fourfold, each Four Faces had, One to the West,
One toward the East, One to the South, One to the North, the Horses Fourfold.
And the dim Chaos brighten'd beneath, above, around! Eyed as the Peacock
15 According to the Human Nerves of Sensation, the Four Rivers of the Water of Life.

South stood the Nerves of the Eye, East in Rivers of bliss the Nerves of the
Expansive Nostrils, West flow'd the Parent Sense, the Tongue, North stood
The labyrinthine Ear: Circumscribing & Circumcising the excrementitious
Husk & Covering into Vacuum evaporating, revealing the lineaments of Man,
20 Driving outward the Body of Death in an Eternal Death & Resurrection,
Awaking it to Life among the Flowers of Beulah, rejoicing in Unity
In the Four Senses, in the Outline, the Circumference & Form, for ever
In Forgiveness of Sins which is Self Annihilation, it is the Covenant of Jehovah.

The Four Living Creatures, Chariots of Humanity, Divine, Incomprehensible,
25 In beautiful Paradises expand. These are the Four Rivers of Paradise,
And the Four Faces of Humanity fronting the Four Cardinal Points
Of Heaven, going forward, forward irresistible from Eternity to Eternity.

And they conversed together in Visionary forms dramatic, which bright
Redounded from their Tongues in thunderous majesty, in Visions,
30 In new Expanses, creating exemplars of Memory and of Intellect:
Creating Space, Creating Time according to the wonders Divine
Of Human Imagination, throughout all the Three Regions immense
Of Childhood, Manhood & Old Age: & the all tremendous unfathomable Non Ens
Of Death was seen in regeneration terrific or complacent, varying
35 According to the subject of discourse, & every Word & every Character
Was Human according to the Expansion or Contraction, the Translucence or
Opakeness of Nervous fibres: such was the variation of Time & Space,

Which vary according as the Organs of Perception vary: & they walked
 To & fro in Eternity as One Man, reflecting each in each & clearly seen
 40 And seeing: according to fitness & order. And I heard Jehovah speak
 Terrific from his Holy Place, & saw the Words of the Mutual Covenant Divine
 On Chariots of gold & jewels with Living Creatures, starry & flaming
 With every Colour. Lion, Tyger, Horse, Elephant, Eagle, Dove, Fly, Worm,
 And the all wondrous Serpent clothed in gems & rich array, Humanize
 45 In the Forgiveness of Sins according to thy Covenant, Jehovah! They Cry:

Where is the Covenant of Priam, the Moral Virtues of the Heathen?
 Where is the Tree of Good & Evil that rooted beneath the cruel heel
 Of Albion's Spectre, the Patriarch Druid! where are all his Human Sacrifices
 For Sin, in War & in the Druid Temples of the Accuser of Sin; beneath
 50 The Oak Groves of Albion that cover'd the whole Earth beneath his Spectre?
 Where are the Kingdoms of the World & all their glory that grew on Desolation,
 The Fruit of Albion's Poverty Tree, when the Triple Headed Gog-Magog Giant
 Of Albion Taxed the Nations into Desolation, & then gave the Spectrous Oath?

Such is the Cry from all the Earth, from the Living Creatures of the Earth,
 55 And from the great City of Golgonooza in the Shadowy Generation,
 56 And from the Thirty-two Nations of the Earth among the Living Creatures.

p. 99 ALL Human Forms identified, even Tree, Metal, Earth & Stone, all
 Human Forms identified, living, going forth, & returning wearied
 Into the Planetary lives of Years, Months, Days & Hours, reposing
 And then Awakening into his Bosom in the Life of Immortality.
 5 And I heard the Name of their Emanations: they are named Jerusalem.

THE END OF THE SONG OF JERUSALEM.

NOTES

Note 1. On the pagination.

THE arrangement of the pages of "Jerusalem" is a matter of some uncertainty. Owing to his manner of engraving his books, Blake tended to regard each page as a separate whole, and it is for this reason that we have carefully distinguished them in the present edition. We have followed the pagination of normal copies; but one at least, that in the British Museum, has a different page order, given below, for Chapter II.

In the few instances where Blake has given catch-words we are able to test this arrangement of the pages; they are as follows:

Page	5	catch-word	His	Page	38	catch-word	By
	8	"	Con-		43	"	With
	9	"	To*		47	"	These
	12	"	And		49	"	The
	13	"	One		70	"	His*
	30	"	His		79	"	En-
	37	"	His				

It will be seen that in all except two cases the numbering is confirmed. In the first of these, p. 9, it appears that while Blake's first intention was to follow with p. 11, he subsequently inserted p. 10, being careful to begin and end it without interrupting the continuity of the sense. In the second, p. 70, the sense and catch-word make it at least possible that it should be read before p. 19.

In the British Museum copy the arrangement of the second chapter is as follows: Taking our pagination as the normal one, p. 28 is followed by pp. 33-41 and 43-46; then come p. 42 and pp. 29-32; the position of pp. 47-50 is unaltered.

There is no variation in the pagination of the first, third, and fourth chapters in any copies we have examined.

Note 2. On the words engraved among the Illustrations of "Jerusalem."

Any description of the original Illustrations belongs rather to commentary than to text; but we have thought it well to print the following brief fragments, generally of verse, that may be found embedded in them.

On p. 26 is a picture of Hand in flames before Jerusalem, inscribed:

"Such visions have appear'd to me
As I my order'd course have run:
Jerusalem is named Liberty
Among the Sons of Albion."

On p. 41 is a bowed figure holding a scroll, inscribed (in reversed writing):

"Each Man is in his Spectre's power
Until the arrival of that hour
When his Humanity awake
And cast his Spectre into the Lake."

On p. 54 is a diagram: "Reason," "Wrath," "Desire," "Pity," arranged as North, East, South, West around "This World."

On p. 72 is a similar diagram, inscribed:

"Continually Building, continually Destroying, because of Wrath & Jealousy."

At the bottom of the same page is the following line (in reversed writing):

"Women the comforters of Men become the Tormenters and Punishers."

On p. 81 are the following lines, written round the margin of an illustration in reversed characters:

"In Heaven the only Art of Living
Is Forgetting and Forgiving,
especially the Female,
But if you on Earth Forgive
You shall not find where to live."

On p. 93 is an illustration of three crouching figures, inscribed:

"Anytus, Melitus & Lycon thought Socrates a very pernicious man. So Caiaphas thought Jesus."

Note 3. On the punctuation.

Much as we had desired to retain Blake's original punctuation unaltered, we have found it impossible to do so; for not only is it extremely unusual and inconsistent, but in the engraved pages it is very often impossible to distinguish the stops from one another and from the small smears and dots which have accidentally appeared on the page, or form part of the marginal decoration. While, therefore, the punctuation of the present edition represents that of the original (where it can be definitely ascertained) in the majority of cases, we have felt it necessary to make frequent alterations: these mainly consist in supplying stops at the ends of the lines, in modifying semi-colons and other stops into commas, and in inserting commas for clearness' sake. We wish to make it clear that the punctuation has been changed, and there are no doubt cases where the sense might be differently taken; but we believe that anyone who will take the trouble to examine with care a page of the original (or of a *facsimile*) will see at once the impossibility of any absolute certainty as to Blake's intention in a number of cases, and will admit the necessity of some considerable modification if the reader is not to be perpetually perplexed by broken and entangled sentences.

INDEX.

THIS index does not make any pretence to completeness; it has been drawn up merely to help the reader in referring to some of the passages in which the principal names and symbols appear, and those have been chiefly noted in which some correlation or explanation is given. For the sake of brevity, names have sometimes been grouped under such headings as Cities, Rivers, and the like. As to spelling, where there is any variation we have taken care to adopt the form that most frequently occurs. It has been impossible to keep to the original number of lines in the four prefaces, owing to the prose that they contain; index references to these four pages (3, 27, 52, 77) apply only to the present edition, and not to the engraved text.

At the end of the index will be found a short table of some of the instances to be noted in "Jerusalem" of the great group of four-fold correspondences, which is at the heart of Blake's mystical system.

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